The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 156. WEEK ENDING OCT. 28TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

"Human Magnetism is the very essence of the natural vital force of men and women—my Belt of Life gives you this subtle power from the moment you put it on.—*AMBROSE WILSON.*

I WILL SEND YOU MY

5/- Magneto Belt for 1/-

It will make you STRONG, VIGOROUS, and SELF-CONFIDENT in everything.

Call and see me and I will demonstrate the wonderful power of my Belt to you.

I offer you a new lease of life. It does not matter what you have tried, or whether other means have failed to cure you—my Belt of Life will not fail to do you good. It has never failed yet, even in the most obstinate cases, while in thousands of instances it has effected a complete cure.

Photo from Life.

DON'T STAY WEAK, depressed and lacking in vigour and confidence another day; you can be free from weakness and be the mental and physical equal of anyone your own age. The vital Power which you need will be poured into your system by my Magneto Belt of Life. It can be worn next the skin or over the undershirt, where it cannot be seen by others. Even the very first day you note a building up of vital strength and confidence. This goes on increasing day after day until you are as strong and well as other men. My belt can also be worn all night, and when worn continuously night and day the restoration of strength and fitness of every physical power is more rapid. Send to-day and commence wearing this wonderful Magneto Belt of Life at once and let it build up your strength.

Medical Men and Hospitals recognise Magnetism as a most effective curative power in cases of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Weak Back, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Obesity, Constipation, Dizziness, Lack of Energy, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Blushing, etc., etc.

My Magneto Belt of Life has cured thousands of such cases, and I have overwhelming testimony to prove it.

I invite every sufferer to try my Magneto Belt. The price is not £5 but 5s. (five shillings) by easy payments. My Belt is sent on seven days' trial immediately on receipt of 1s. deposit. After you receive the Belt you pay me the balance of 4s., or at the rate of 1s. weekly, whilst actually wearing it.

The following are a few brief extracts from the chorus of universal praise received from wearers of my Magneto Belt:

From Laindon a correspondent writes:—"When I purchased your Belt of Life I fully intended returning it to you in seven days' time if it did me no good. Imagine my surprise when I found that from the very first moment of wearing it it was doing me good. It has given me new life and strength, and I would not part with it for any money."

A correspondent from Gainsborough writes:—"The improvement in my health since wearing your Magneto Belt is simply marvellous. I would not part with the Belt for anything, for I feel that the good health I now enjoy is entirely due to its recuperative powers."

From Cornwall a gentleman writes:—"Your Belt of Life has done me a great deal of good. Before I wore it I was continually under the doctor's hands. Now, I am happy to say, I am quite well, thanks to your Belt."

"Your Magnetic Belt worked wonders with me," writes a delighted patient from Aldershot. "I feel six years younger since wearing it. I find myself both bodily and mentally improved."

"Your Belt is honestly worth £5, although it only cost 5s.," writes a well-known athlete from Dublin.

"I am perfectly satisfied with your Belt of Life," writes a patient from Eastleigh. "Its effect was magical, and it has entirely taken away all aches and pains."

Send To-day Postal Order for 1s. only, and receive Belt by Return of Post.

GIVE SIZE OF WAIST.

ADDRESS—

AMBROSE WILSON (DEPT. 19), Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, The Modern Man, 21 Tudor Street, London. E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gentleman clearing wardrobe wishes to sell grey lounge suit and brown ditto; accept £1 the suit; each cost £3 10s., **good condition, fit 5ft. 11in.** height, 38in. chest; send postal order, money returned if not approved.—Box 4536, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Smart winter overcoat, black cloth, vented back, velvet collar, lined throughout, in good condition, 36in. chest, 44in. long; bargain, 9s. 6d.—Box 4546, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Rubber Wellingtons, smart military appearance, reaching knee, grand for wet weather, worn only few times; sacrifice, 15s.—Box 4537, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Good sporting coat waterproof, in good condition, 38in. chest, 44in. long; 16s. 6d., cheap.—Box 4547, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Two dozen double collars, in good condition, all size 15½; 2s. to clear.—Box 4542, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Solid brown cowhide dressing-case, razor, &c., complete, cost 18s. 6d., sell 10s.; tennis racket, "Riseley Hexagon," and press, used five times, cost 27s. 6d., sell 12s. 6d. Offers.—Templeman, 158, Wycliffe Road, Northampton.

Four-screw stretch-press, for producing perfectly hanging trousers; 3s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4543, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Tail jacket and vest, dark grey, with stripe trousers; 17s. 6d., bargain.—Box 4540, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Autumn wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

15s. only, dark grey hopsack lounge suit, good condition, 36in. chest.—Send P.O. to T. P., c.o. "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, offers for a mahogany Rob Roy canoe, in good condition, maker Searle, London, 18ft. long, cost £18; cheap.—Wrangham, Normanton.

Private genuine racing information. Mutual terms. Pay on result.—Particulars from Box 4511, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, good billiard table, with all accessories, in good condition; must be cheap.—Box 4548, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 227.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

If you desire increased height send 1s. 3d. for my unique method; results guaranteed,—Futty, 69, Chiltern Street, Hull.

Soiled weights. Great bargains. Send for free list, several tons in stock, cut prices, tremendous bargains, splendid opportunity.—Inch, Dept. M.M., Munster House, Fulham, S.W.

Improve yourself. How to straighten round shoulders; pamphlet, P.O. 7d.—Box 4545, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

For sale, Sandow developer, with charts, &c., complete and in good condition; 6s. 6d.—Box 4544, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Numbers 48 to 148, "The Modern Man," good as new; 5s. 6d. the lot.—W. J. P., 4, Hanover Terrace, Southampton.

DIGS.

Week-ends or holidays, private house adjoining farm, Oxfordshire; London, hour and quarter; moderate terms.—Box 4539, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Comfortable bedroom, with full use of sitting-room, for single young man; near trains and trams for all bridges; terms moderate.—Box 4549, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MEDICAL, &c.

Certain cure for all backache troubles; inexpensive; recipe, 6d. P.O.—Scott, 5, Haslingden Road, Blackburn, Lancs.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Employ yourself. Our book contains 400 real trade secrets, and the know how, 1s. 2d., post paid.—Porritt, Publisher, Bury.

21s. safety razor, brand new, 3s. 4d. post free.—Box 4758, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free, 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

Empire typewriter, up-to-date, in excellent condition; £5, or near offer.—Box 4541, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

5s. safety razor, complete in case, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4804, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 9d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Powerful £12 12s. double draw Binoculars, 12 lens; most magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice, the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s superior quality, £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 38in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

12S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

The Modern Man

Editorial Offices:—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Telephone, Gerrard 2979.

Publishing Department:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

Advertising Department:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

Annual Subscription, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.

Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

CHEEK.

A writer accuses the Italians of lying. So are the Turks—only they are lying down.

* * *

Says Mr. E. Kineton: "The essentials to happiness in this life are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for." He has forgotten to mention something to eat and drink.

* * *

Enquiring Cuthbert is anxious to know the actual meaning of a *piquante* girl. It means, Enquiring Cuthbert, a young lady who is a little saucy.

* * *

"Love," says Constance Howell, "is like the measles; it has more power when it attacks one late in life." And a lover is like a measles patient. He is so easily spotted.

* * *

That new book, "The Obvious Orient," is likely to disappoint keen footballers, for it is all about Arabs and Hindoos, and wretched creatures like that, and has not a word in it about the Clapton team at all.

* * *

There is no such word as failure in the dictionary of the man who means to make a fool of himself.

* * *

A nasty, unkind playgoer says that "The Love Mills" is an awful grind.

* * *

That article in a weekly paper about "The Inhumanity of Guy's" is quite topical, for we are getting well on towards the Fifth of November.

* * *

A Liberal paper points out triumphantly "The Boom in Trade in Five Liberal Years." A nasty Tory, however, is unkind enough to declare that the "boom" in question is of the sort that goes with a "bust up."

* * *

An enterprising evening paper, which possesses a strong sporting interest, is giving every small advertiser a packet of cigars. This, ye punters, is the paper *to back, oh!*

* * *

An American music-hall singer, Miss Eva Tanguay, has been "slanging London." After this she will, perhaps, dispatch a consignment of coals to Newcastle.

* * *

Dear old Mrs. Footler was quite interested in a contemporary's article on "Blackleg Actresses." "Some of those coon singers, I suppose," the simple soul remarked.

* * *

The "Daily Mail" has been calling attention to "the decline of Richmond and Blackheath." The reason of this is, I suppose, that they don't "try" as much as they did at one time.

* * *

"What the Comet Means," runs a "Star" headline. Thereby hangs a tail, I have no doubt.

J. S. Cox.

RHYTHM IN SPORT.

Few people outside first-class form really appreciate the value of rhythm in sport; but if they did their execution would be bound to go up fifty per cent.

The rowing man, of course, understands the fact more than anyone else, for a crew whose stroke is not rhythmical cannot fail to be deplorably "ragged."

The runner, however, does not realise it so much. But look at the greatest runners and see how rhythmical their leg-movements are. The sound of Alfred Shrubb's footsteps is like the ticking of a clock.

And the way a first-class boxer, too, moves about the ring is another example of almost perfect rhythm.

MEN AND SALES.

There are some very useful things which a man needs to be bought at sales.

It may be that the sale is one at a big drapery establishment, where it might be supposed that only goods useful to women are to be purchased at bargain prices. But nowadays, when every big draper is also a hosier, furnisher, tailor, and half-a-dozen other things, a man can often pick up bargains, of the "shop-soiled" kind.

There are trouser-presses, rugs, and all sorts of useful things. Rugs especially, of a kind quite good enough for travelling purposes, can frequently be found.

The rug may not be wanted immediately, but at Christmas, when that long-looked-for journey home takes place, it may be biting, frosty weather, and travelling will be a misery unless one can keep very warm.

BERSAGLIERI.

Should it come to land battles between the Turks and Italians, the Bersaglieri are sure to play a prominent part for Italy.

The Bersaglieri, who were first organised in the Sardinian Army of 1836, are, as their name betokens, the marksmen or sharp-shooters of the Italian Army, bersaglieri being the plural of bersaglio, which in Italian means "a mark."

In short, the Bersaglieri correspond to our Rifle regiments, except that they are very much stronger numerically.

Their normal strength in time of peace is about 15,000, but there are at least another 50,000 of them who are more or less permanently on leave of absence, but liable to be recalled to the colours at the sound of war.

The Bersaglieri are famed for their pluck, endurance, and marching powers, and they are as popular in Italy as Highland regiments are here.

The sight of the distinctive plumed hats of the Bersaglieri coming down the street is enough to bring every man, woman, and child out of doors to cheer them as they pass by.

When Turk meets Bersaglieri it will assuredly be a case of Greek meeting Greek, though the metaphor may be a trifle mixed.

DISCOURAGING ARMY RECRUITS.

I suppose they want recruits for the Army (writes a provincial contributor), but if so then I don't think the authorities are always going the right way to obtain them. Here, at least, is my experience.

I am at present living in a large seaside town, and, having some idea of enlisting, I applied at the Post Office for information, having an idea that I could there obtain a leaflet giving full particulars about joining the Army.

They said no, that they used to have such leaflets, but it was a long time since any had been sent them. They said that all I could do was to apply to the local recruiting sergeant.

This is just what I don't want to do, for I have a shrewd notion that if he once got hold of me he might enlist me before I knew where I was.

I want to study the conditions of service, and think them over before putting my nose anywhere near a palavering recruiter, but although I have seen notices elsewhere in Post Office windows that the recruiting regulations are to be obtained within and at all Post Offices throughout the kingdom, not one of the Post Offices here has a copy.

I may add that they offered me the *Naval* recruiting regulations, which I found to be a very attractively got-up little book.

It seems to me that even in these little matters the Navy is ahead of the Army.

STANDING A SPREAD

A FEW POINTERS FOR THE BACHELOR HOST.

Almost every man who enjoys the reputation among his cronies as a good sportsman and a good chap, has occasion, now and then, to be either the dispenser or the recipient of hospitality in order to celebrate some festive occasion or other.

He may have returned to the football club after having been crocked for a long time, he may be about to be married, he may have won a sweepstake . . . there are all sorts of excuses for a convivial spread, and in a great many cases such a man who is going to give a little dinner or supper is harassed with doubts as to how to please each one of his numerous guests.

THE HOME OR THE RESTAURANT?

First of all, the question arises: shall he give his entertainment at home or in some restaurant?

This largely depends on where he is living. If he is living with his people, he had probably much better elect for a restaurant, for two reasons. Although his father or his mother may indulgently declare that they will be only too pleased, they will almost certainly be making a small sacrifice of comfort for their son; and then again, a man's bachelor friends are always a little bit nervous in their host's own home. The feminine element inspires them with a vague discomfort. In a word, they will not let themselves go.

The same thing applies if a man is living in diggings of the "quiet" order. Very few landladies really like their lodgers to give convivial parties in their rooms, although some motherly souls are quite willing to oblige in this way and cook all manner of varied viands.

CHOOSING THE PLACE.

So we shall discuss the question on the assumption that the spread is to be given at a restaurant. We must choose our restaurant with a nice discretion. It must not be too swagger, because, for one thing, we want to pay for food, not for the decorations and the imposing staff; and secondly, because we do not want to give our pals the bother of donning the "boiled shirt and waiter suit," as some comedian has dubbed it, which is the rule rather than the exception at the smarter restaurants.

The next thing is to choose a bill-of-fare which will contain something that every one of our guests enjoys. We must discreetly sound each of them beforehand. If we work in the same office with any of them, this will be easy. We can go out to lunch with them and observe what they choose.

CHEAP BUT GOOD.

Next we approach our restaurant-keeper, and make terms. There are several in Soho who will be only too pleased to prepare a splendid dinner or supper for a bachelor party for an almost insignificant sum per head. The reason is that in this way they attract custom. If they please those men, each will bring his friends again, and will suggest that restaurant when his football-club dinner is being mooted, and so on.

I know a man (but this is not an advertisement) who will provide a dinner to the customer's own selection (within reason, of course), for about 1s. 6d. or 2s. per head. Then, counting out wine and tips, a dinner for as many as ten men ought not to cost more than a sovereign. Say you order a few bottles of *vin ordinaire* at 1s. 4d., and give three waiters sixpence or a shilling each, these items will not be deadly.

A dinner is hardy complete without a little music afterwards, while coffee and cigars or cigarettes are imbuing the guests with the requisite sense of well-being. If any of your friends can sing or play, and want to, let them by all means; but if not, find some professional to do so. In the Strand you'll find scores who would like to pick up five shillings in this way. But first be sure that your man *can* play, or the evening will be spoilt.

J. C. Ward.

CURRENT BOXING.

NOTES AND NEWS FROM THE RINGSIDE.

A game little boxer we have not seen in the ring often enough lately is Digger Stanley, who at the present moment is offering, in conjunction with Mr. Alf. Mack, to deposit £50 as an earnest of the Digger's willingness to meet any reputable bantam for from £200 to £500 aside and the best purse obtainable. It will be interesting to watch developments, for there are few of our best bantams as light as Stanley (about 8st. 3lb.), so when the time comes the Digger will probably be giving some weight away.

Early in December the sporting inhabitants of Birmingham will have particularly attractive boxing fare offered to them in the shape of the great match between Jim Driscoll and Owen Moran for the feather-weight championship of the world. Driscoll, who is over thirty, hints that he may retire before long; though if he beats Moran he will probably take on the American Attell, if the latter wants to meet him.

Talking of Abe Attell, it is good news to hear at last that Matt Wells, who beat Attell recently on points, has now managed to bring Adolf Wolgast up to the scratch; and they are to meet in New York on October 28 (next Saturday) to box ten rounds. There is to be no championship of any kind involved; but the result is bound to give us a "line" to go on when Matt really does engage in a big championship fight across the water. Don't forget, by the way, that Wells could easily have beaten Attell more decisively; but it was obviously not his game to do so, in view of his designs on Wolgast.

Bombardier Wells has been offereed £1,000 and a 25 per cent. share for three bouts with Bill Lang, Jack Lester, and Sam McVea—presumably in America. If the Bombardier accepts, I wonder whether any Yankee Meyer will arise to "stop the fight," for, of course, Sam McVea is a big nigger, who is said not to fall far short of Jack Johnson's form.

"Straight Left."

CURRENT FOOTBALL.

OUTSPOKEN COMMENTS ON TEAMS AND PLAYERS.

For a club that occupies so important a position on the First League table as Notts County (as I write they are second), their play against so lowly a team as Preston North End (fifteenth) at Nottingham, when they were beaten 2—1, was more than a disappointment to their supporters.

Their shooting was absolutely childish, and unless they improve enormously in this respect, I am afraid they will be nearer the bottom than the top of the table at the end of the season.

Next Saturday they are at home to Manchester United, who are in good form, and the County will certainly have to buck up.

The sum paid by Newcastle United to Bury for the transfer of William Hibbert, the crack centre-forward, is said to constitute a record. The exact amount has not been announced; but it does not fall far short of £2,000.

Up to the time of writing, Clapton Orient, who head the Second League table, are still unbeaten. In their match at home with Grimsby, they ran out winners by 1—0, but it must be admitted they were more than a little lucky. The Grimsby men played quick and clever football, and the fact that a powerful side like Clapton could not score more than one goal on their own ground shows how good the Northerners were.

Footballers will all sympathise with Clegg, the Barnsley goalkeeper, who had his leg broken in the match against Fulham on the latter's ground.

Keep your eye on Scattergood, the Derby County goalkeeper. On his form just now he is as good as any man in the three big leagues.

Next Saturday he will in all probability be playing at Bradford; and Londoners will not have an opportunity of seeing him play until well on in the season, for the County's fixtures for some time will be either at home or somewhere up North. They will be at home, however, to a London club, Fulham to wit, next Saturday week, November 4.

In the Southern League, at the time of writing, Queen's Park Rangers are well ahead, for they are unbeaten, with a record of six wins and one draw out of seven matches played.

G. K.

EMIGRATION FRAUDS.

A WARNING TO ALL WHO PROPOSE TRYING THE COLONIES.

It is a truism that one-half of the population is unaware how the other half lives; and it is doubtless for this reason that so many people fall victims to the professional crook. This article is intended to warn our readers against a crook who has been springing up with mushroom-like prolificness and rapidity of quite recent years.

He dates from the inauguration of the emigration "boom," which has since been so tenderly fostered by a powerful and by no means disinterested newspaper combine. It is no exaggeration to assert that the big combine in question is directly responsible for the appearance *and the prosperity* of the emigration shark.

Mind you, I am not saying one word against emigration as an opening for a man who is really fitted for the conditions he will encounter in the Colony of his choice. I am writing solely for the protection of the unfortunate man, possibly with a very few pounds saved, who is induced by some plausibly-advertising crook to exile himself, far away from friends who might help him, and in a country where there is no demand at all for the work he has to offer.

THOSE WHO COME BACK.

There is a great metaphorical flourish of trumpets in a certain type of weekly paper for the "home," about the stalwart men and brave-eyed women who leave the shores of the old country by every emigrant ship, looking forward ever hopefully to the land of promise in the Golden West.

That is one side of the picture, but little is said in the same nobly-helpful columns about the poor broken-spirited creatures who dribble in ones and twos, fives and tens, hopelessly, back to the old country that they had forsaken. They have no money. All their poor store has been spent looking for employment in an inhospitable land where there is as little demand for a certain type of worker as there is in England. They have been lured out from a country they knew to one which was all strange to them, only to come back to fill the workhouses of their native land.

THE PRIVATE AGENT.

These are the victims of the shark who calls himself smugly an emigration agent. Pray understand that every assistance and all trustworthy information is given to intending emigrants by the recognised and authorised offices which operate in connection either with the British Government or the respective Colonial authorities. But the private individual, the shark who takes your all and gives you nothing is the man to shun like the plague.

"Openings for earnest workers in every British Colony. Why suffocate in City offices, when the pure life-giving air of Canada or New Zealand will make you rejoice in your strength and the greater salaries you can earn in those Colonies? Apply, &c.——"

This is the sort of lure that is inserted in the columns of the less discriminating papers by the private emigration shark. He has offices, as imposing as his means will allow, in a central part of London (the Strand district possesses more than one), and he gives his crooked concern some high-sounding title which cunningly gives a suggestion of some official status without actually making such a statement.

FLEECING HIS VICTIMS.

As a result of his advertisement, large numbers of clerks (these form the majority of Metropolitan applicants) put in an appearance at his offices; some of them out of work and prepared to invest their sadly depleted savings on a passage to the Colonies and a guaranteed job; and some of them ready to throw up a situation in England simply in the hope of obtaining a better one abroad.

What then happens is this. The shark paints splendid pictures of life in Canada, New Zealand, or wherever it may be, and gives the innocent applicant some hazy idea that in a year or so he will be the proud owner of square miles of rolling cornland and turning over thousands of pounds a year. However, he asks what he has to do, and, above all, to pay.

Then the shark explains mellifluously that he has simply to buy a passage out if he has a job in view at the other end. Has he? *No?*

The "agent," is almost surprised (simple soul!) to hear this. But never mind! He (the benevolent shark) will procure one for the applicant. And—er—by the way, there is—ah—a little *fee*—a matter of £5—but the outlay is well balanced by the securing of a lucrative post without further trouble.

So, probably, the unfortunate victim pays up, whereupon the crook simply secures a passage-out at more than the usual rates, so as to clear a profit, and tells the applicant where to stay on reaching his destination (here again securing a commission of some kind), on the pretence that he may want to communicate with him.

Then in the matter of securing the other a job, the shark simply does what his prey might just as well have done for himself.

ALL THE AGENT DOES.

He supplies him with forms of application, &c., which may be obtained by anybody from the Agents General of the different Colonies.

Mind you, these forms in no way guarantee work. They simply pave the way to a *possible chance* of being selected by the Agent General in question. And, mark well, the victim has paid a stiff premium for this doubtful possession, which he might have got himself for little more than the cost of writing.

This is what the Emigrants' Information Office (which was established by her late Majesty's Government in 1886, and which can be, of course, trusted fully by intending emigrants) has to say on the subject with which I am dealing in this article.

The phraseology is of the impassively official style; but its real significance is clear.

AN OFFICIAL WARNING.

Says an official circular on Canada: "The system of paying premiums in this country to gain instruction in farming in Canada is considered by the Canadian Government to be unnecessary; in all cases it is a waste of money, and in many instances *the payments are induced by fraudulent statements. Young men who are going to Canada in order to obtain a knowledge of farming are advised never to pay any fee of the kind to any agency.*"

The italics are ours, and intended to give full weight to this official advice.

After this warning, now for a word of advice to any readers who are thinking of trying their luck in Canada. Here is an official list of people who should not emigrate. If you come under any of the following headings, don't!

Clerks, shopmen, storekeepers, men-servants (even chauffeurs are in no great demand), women above the grade of servants, such as governesses, typists, telephone clerks, shop assistants, nurses, &c.—and persons having no particular trade or calling, or otherwise unfit for manual labour. These should not emigrate unless they have situations offered them, or have means of their own.

Chauffeurs are being turned out in large numbers by motor-schools in England; but any such men who do not readily find employment at home are not advised to emigrate, for there is little demand for them. Motor-drivers can be trained as quickly in the Colonies as at home, and there is no necessity to import any.

C. E. Anderson.

COURSING FLAGS AND SIGNALS.

The man who goes coursing for the first time will be puzzled by the number of differently-coloured flags employed, and be somewhat at a loss to learn their significance, since the flag-stewards will be too busy to enlighten him.

The steward who attends the judge carries a red flag and a white flag. These are to signal the winner of a trial; the red flag shows that the dog whose number is the odd, or upper, number on the card, and which is the left-hand dog in slips, has won; the white flag indicates that the even-numbered, or right-hand, dog is the victor.

Two dogs of the same colour wear red and white collars respectively, and the judge carries a red handkerchief in his left and a white in his right coat pocket, to signal to the flag-steward, when he has to gallop a long distance after the course. In an undecided trial, he takes off his cap instead.

When a bye is to be run off, a yellow flag is displayed, while a blue one is used in the case of an undecided.

A green flag is sometimes used to call the stewards together, in case of an objection or any dispute.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE GUV'NOR

By HAROLD B. KENT.

For many years, until his accident in the hunting-field, there had been no keener business man than Mr. Martlesham.

There had been a bad smash. His partner in front of him had come a purler, and, unable to pull up, he had landed on top of him on the other side of the ditch. Thus there was no Mr. Webber, of the firm of Martlesham and Webber, land and estate agents.

He found that Webber had not feathered his nest as he had done. There was a boy, young Edmund. It was a necessity, as things turned out, that for his own sake he should be taken into the firm.

He started work late in life, at the age of nineteen. The partnership, according to the terms of it, dissolved with the death of either party and the paying out of his share.

"The Guv'nor," said the clerks in the little country-town office, "will take Mr. Edmund into the business one day. You see."

He was a likeable boy, with coppery hair, and a pleasant manner.

In him there seemed a credible lack of the desire of most sons of fathers of position. He did not want to begin where his father had left off. There was a touch of his mother in his fine face, and it reminded the Guv'nor sometimes of days long past, of a regretful refusal. . . .

Mr. Martlesham had not been so philosophic as most young men, nor so fickle. He remained a bachelor, and the staunch friend of his partner and the pretty, grave woman who became his partner's wife.

And her son was the boy who presently came to occupy a chair at the big table opposite the Guv'nor, in his sale-bill-hung private sanctum.

In summer times were slack, but with Michaelmas came the busy days. There was land to measure. Together the Guv'nor and his young secretary drove over all that was possible, and where the rugged land did not allow of the trap, Mr. Martlesham found the shoulder of his late partner's son to ease the way for him and his permanently injured leg.

Sight, too, was failing him a little. Since his accident age seemed to have gained upon him, and beaten his actual years. At night, the tricky turns in the winding roads of Wiltshire came not so easily to him.

"Let me drive, sir. We had a trap once, you know," said Edmund one night. "I can manage it all right for you."

"Very well, boy."

The man relinquished the reins. They bowled along in silence for some way, through the damp and penetrating air of late autumn. Hazy in front of them was the road, and the fields on either side of them were still expanses of gossamer white.

The Guv'nor shivered a little, and sought to bring the coat of his collar further round his neck.

Young Edmund flicked the horse with his whip, and they went on at a quicker pace.

"Not so fast. There's plenty of time," said Mr. Martlesham, gently. Yet he could but admire the spirits of youth.

His youth had left him on the day of that sad "thanking for a gift a lady could not accept from him"—something of plain gold.

"Let me go at this pace till we come to the Folgate Inn, sir," said the young man.

The Guv'nor traced a distinctive, strange note in his secretary's voice, and it was not the youthful desire for speed.

At the Folgate Inn, Edmund pulled up and called out to the yardman to hold the horse.

"Come along, sir," he said peremptorily.

"We've nothing to stop for here," the other protested.

Young Edmund was already holding out his strong arms to assist Mr. Martlesham out.

"We've something *very* important to stop for here," he said a little gaily, "and you must get out."

"Can't you do the business necessary?"

"I can't drink hot toddy for you, and you need it. Come along. Hang it, sir, you'll be catching your death of cold, and we can't have you doing that at this time of the year. We're too busy. First sign of a chill you should drive it out."

He assisted Mr. Martlesham to navigate the steps. "The Missus—that's my mother you know—doesn't believe in the teetotal business. 'If you feel chilly on the road when you're driving with Mr. Martlesham,' she said to me, 'you just hop out at an inn and get some good whisky to drink. Then wrap yourself up in as many rugs as you've got, and drive home as quickly as possible.' Now, she said that, and the Missus is always right."

"Ah, but she only meant you," said Mr. Martlesham, conscious of an unwonted craft in the remark. "It doesn't apply to me. I'm hardened to this sort of thing, you know, young man."

"But, of course, she meant it for you as well," said Edmund.

He noted that Mr. Martlesham hobbled along now with more enthusiasm.

In the snug bar of the inn, young Edmund caught a view of the clear-cut features of the Guv'nor set in a happier mould.

"There!" he said. "I told you the whisky would buck you up. You must have some more when we get to my place. We've always some in the house. It's the Missus's cold-cure."

Once in the trap, Mr. Martlesham found himself treated as an invalid of many years' standing. A protesting, "What the devil——" was stilled by an extra rug borrowed from the landlord of the Folgate Inn.

"Now you're all right," said Edmund, as he took hold of the reins. "Let her go, Giles."

They spun along in the moonlight. Mr. Martlesham realised that he was the master of his "confidential" no longer.

Yet he gloried a little in the fact that the un-motherly eye of youth had missed an essential thing.

The headwind continued to cut into his neck by way of the coat-flap—the flap that was buttonless. The button had been hanging useless for some time by a single thread, but in their passage from the door of the inn back to the trap Mr. Martlesham had, with malice aforethought, taken advantage of the darkness to pull it off.

He had enough presence of mind, however, to slip it into his top pocket. It was from that place that Edmund's mother rescued it when, with a few indignant remarks anent housekeepers in general, and Mr. Martlesham's housekeeper in partieular, she sewed it on while her son's employer waited by the fire in the dining-room.

He sat and watched Edmund's mother sewing it on. There was the coppery-gold in her hair yet.

On a face that had been softly oval and girlishly smiling in the far-back days, some veil of the stress of life had hidden that first beauty; but there were still the eyes in which motherliness and tender care had replaced a fight which had shone for that lucky man, Webber.

Mr. Martlesham allowed his fancy unwonted rein. The boy had gone out of the room. The chair opposite was empty of the man whose portrait was hung by the mantelpiece over the pipe-rack, where there were pipes long since cold.

Now, perhaps, was the time!

The ardour of byegone days, when the world was younger to him was not to be expected. A quiet remark from the chair. . . . "If I could try to fill his place. . . . There would be a protector for you, a home for me." That would be all sufficient.

"I always thought your housekeeper was such a careful woman," said Mrs. Webber, breaking in upon his reverie. "Fancy letting you come out like this."

A neat opportunity!

Traitorously enough, the Guv'nor allowed the indictment of his old, but efficient, housekeeper to pass. He knew well enough that she had asked to remedy the defect that very morning. She had pointed out that he would be losing that button, and that it was a cold day. He had promised that she should do the little job that evening. He had left the house under the cloud of her displeasure because he refused to give the few minutes necessary to the firm of

installation of the button.

But the Guv'nor felt that he was a traitor, and felt it keenly.

"If I could try," he began.

And stopped.

"To be more careful in unbuttoning my coat," he concluded lamely.

Edmund came into the room again. He dropped into the chair opposite. His boots and leggings were muddy. He pulled from the letter-rack an official-looking slip.

"This rate must be paid, mother," he said. "You'd better write a cheque for it, and I will post it when I've driven the Guv'nor home."

He went to a writing-table and wrote out the body of the cheque.

"Now you sign it," he said.

Mr. Martlesham saw the suggestion of his mother eliminated from Edmund's face. The wrinkling of the forehead, the frowning of the mouth—all barring a moustache, his late partner sat there filling in that cheque.

"A protector for you." . . . It seemed somehow weak to Mr. Martlesham.

He cleared his throat, he clenched his nails into the palm of his hand—two things technically unnecessary as preliminaries to thanking a lady for sewing on a button.

When Edmund had left him at the gate of his house, he remembered his duty to his housekeeper.

He tugged at the button. It was strongly sewn on, but he succeeded finally in leaving it hanging by a single thread.

FIELD CLUBS FOR WINTER.

For the man who is not a football enthusiast and who, perhaps, cannot afford golf or go in for riding, there is much to be said for those excellent societies called, generally, field clubs.

These clubs, in most districts, continue their outdoor work all the year round.

It is in winter that what one might call organised sport breaks down, so far as the non-football playing man is concerned. He is thrown back on his own resources, and this often means that he has no programme from week to week. By joining a field club—one of which will usually be found in every town, however small—he will find regular opportunities for activity.

He need not attach himself to any one branch of the club's work. He will, however, find that some members are interested in almost every branch of natural history. Others "go in" for archæology, while yet others are geologists, or botanists.

Some are members because the regular outings of the club give them opportunities for seeing the country, and of hearing interesting matters concerning all that is in the country discussed by those who know.

HUNTING FIELD COURTESY.

The kindest act one man can do for another in the hunting field is to catch his horse for him after he has been thrown. It often means losing the run, and it is not, of course, incumbent upon any sportsman to do this. Nevertheless, where the man who is down is an elderly gentleman, a hunt official is lamed, or there are some other special circumstances, it is as well to show him this consideration.

In the case of ladies, the sportsman will use his own judgment. They are still only tolerated in the hunting-field; many good sportsmen would rather not see them out, and no one is bound to lose his day's sport to help them out of difficulties, probably due to their own inexpertness. And more often than not the man who dismounts to pick up a dropped crop or stirrup-leather will find that his act of kindness is not much appreciated, and is speedily forgotten.

Holding gates open is obligatory for the hunt staff, but not for other folk.

Where life is in danger one must always stop and help, and the same where a horse gets ditched or bogged, unless there are plenty of yokels at hand—as there often are—to do what is needful.

Men who follow on foot can do many kindnesses to their more fortunate fellow-sportsmen, and he who keeps his eyes open, and lends his aid wherever it seems to be required, will thus escape inclusion by the average huntsman and M.F.H. in the category of "those blasted foot-people who always spoil sport."

THE SAVING HABIT

SOME THOUGHTS BY OUR CANDID PHILOSOPHER.

To save or not to save: that is a question which everyone must face and answer at some period or another.

Or, to put it in another way. Is it better to take precautions for future safety, in view of the present economical conditions with competition inordinately keen and practically every form of livelihood precarious, or to let things "go hang," to be a careless, happy-go-lucky hedonist?

The obvious reply is that it is better to take precautions.

But obvious replies are not always to be depended upon.

For it might so happen that the price paid for safety was much too high for the benefit received.

Or, again, another might enjoy what the saver himself had been spending his whole life to procure.

LOST SAVINGS

Or, further, a man might entrust his money to a bank, or invest it in so-called securities, only in the end to have the securities depreciate or the bank close its doors, leaving him with ten shillings in the pound perhaps, and the unsavoury reflection that in some cases forethought may be but a synonym for folly.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to eliminate all risks from life, and some there are who deliberately choose to run the pleasanter risks, spending all they get, and trusting to a kindly Providence to attend to their wants in the future.

This is all very well if the individual has no one but himself to consider, but, as a matter of fact, few people, if any, are entirely in that irresponsible position.

When a man is married, and particularly if he is the father of children, undoubtedly it is his duty, so far as he possesses the power, to provide for their future in the event of anything happening to himself.

INSURING TOO HEAVILY.

He may save or insure—there is little difference between the two processes. But it should be borne in mind that even in this respect there is a possibility of transgressing wisdom.

To insure over-heavily is a reckless form of extravagance. For if the premiums cannot be kept up, two-thirds of the money already saved is squandered.

And to save for a luxurious to-morrow at the expense of a necessitous to-day is also puerile, and may, indeed, become vicious. Many well-intentioned persons make vices of their virtues, by indulging them too zealously.

Some will half starve themselves for the sake of their "little nest-egg." Some will go about with porous-soled boots, risking pneumonia, "flu," ague, and rheumatic fever—all for the feverish desire of putting something by for a rainy day.

What could be better on a rainy day than a strong, healthy, rain-defying constitution?

WHEN YOU NEED FRIENDS.

Moderate saving is indubitably a sensible practice. There come times inevitably when the need of a lump sum of money is acute, and not to be stalled off. And friends, just then, are always "extremely short."

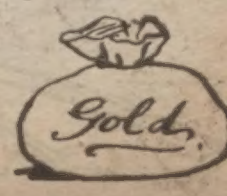
It is well to be self-dependent, and not too ready to fly to friends immediately one is in a difficulty. The way to avoid the repetition of a difficulty is to attend to the surmounting of it oneself.

But, after all, the substance of the whole matter rests in a question of temperament.

If a man is a spendthrift by nature, a spendthrift he is likely to remain. Similarly, the frugal man will continue to practise frugality, unless he marries an extravagant wife, when you may cry havoc.

And the amusing feature of it all is that sometimes thrifty people will be guilty of the wildest prodigality, and vice versa, the open-handed and generous will exhibit surprising meanness,

STEPHEN PARTRIDGE.



SEASONS FOR SPORT

SPORTSMEN WILL FIND IT USEFUL TO CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT FOR REFERENCE.

Every form of sport has its appropriate season, fixed for the most part by unwritten law, modified by the provisions of the Game Acts, the Protection of Wild Birds' Acts, and the orders of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, fixing a close time for various mammals, birds, and fishes.

There is no statutory close time for beasts of chase and venery, the seasons for hunting them being fixed by custom, founded on the natural habits of the various sorts of quarry, or the changing conditions of seed-time and harvest.

FOX-HUNTING.

November 1st is the recognised date for the opening of the fox-hunting season, but cub-hunting may commence at any time after August 1st. In a dry season like the present, cub-hunting has been delayed by the hard state of the ground, while in a wet season it is often postponed because the harvest cannot be gathered owing to rain.

Fox-hunting comes to an end with April, though some few packs kill a May fox.

Hare-hunting usually commences about the middle of September, the regular season beginning in October, and it ends, or should end, on the last day of February.

In Ireland hares may not be hunted or shot between April 21st and August 11th. A legal close-time for hares is much needed in Great Britain, where the only enactment in their favour is one forbidding them to be sold between March and July inclusive.

Coursing commences in September and ends in March.

STAG-HUNTING.

Wild stag-hunting begins on August 12th and continues until October 12th, though this year the Devon and Somerset staghounds are carrying-on until October 21st, owing to the lateness of the rutting season and the number of deer on Exmoor.

Hind-hunting commences directly stag-hunting ends, and is continued until April.

Stalking stags in the Highlands opens on August 12th, and ends with the rutting season. In Ireland the dates are from January 1st to June 9th. The hind-shooting season in Scotland is from November 10th to February 10th.

There is no close time for fallow-deer in England. They are usually hunted during the ordinary hunting season from October to April; and shot, the fawns in June and the bucks in August, when their respective venison is at its best. Roedeer are shot between August 12th and the end of November. In Ireland the close time for fallow deer is from September 29th to June 9th.

UNCARTED DEER.

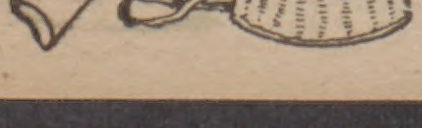
The season for hunting uncarted deer—stags, hinds, and haviers—is from October to March.

Otter-hunting commences, according to the prevailing weather, from the beginning to the middle of April, and ends between the end of September and the middle of October, also in accordance with the state of the weather. Formerly the sport commenced at Shrovetide and was concluded at Midsummer.

Grouse-shooting commences on August 12th and ends on December 10th. Black game-shooting—black cock and grey hens—begins on August 20th, ending with grouse-shooting, except on Exmoor, Dartmoor, and in the New Forest (where, however, they are practically extinct), where September 1st is the opening day.

This is also that for partridge-shooting, pheasant-shooting beginning on October 1st. The closing day for both is February 1st.

Ptarmigan have the same season as grouse, except in Ireland, where they obtain the eight extra days of grace accorded to black game.



Quail, snipe, teal, wigeon, mallards, pigeons, plovers, landrail, woodcock, and bustard come under the provisions of the Wild Birds' Protection Act, and are immune from March 2nd to July 31st.

Neither pheasants, partridges, grouse, moor game, nor hares may be killed on Sunday or Christmas Day.

MEMS FOR THE ANGLER.

Fishing seasons are more variable still. The coarse-fishing season, except in parts of Norfolk and Suffolk, runs from June 16th to March 14th, but in the Kent and Severn districts there is no close time for pike.

Trout-fishing in England and Wales lasts from February 1st to October 1st, in Scotland from February 29th to October 14th. In Ireland it follows salmon-fishing, according to the district. Char enjoy the same close time as trout, varying a little in different places.

In England salmon-fishing opens on February 2nd and ends on November 1st, except on the Coquet, when the opening day is February 1st. On the Cornish rivers, Fowey and Camel, the season closes on November 30th. In Ireland the season is according to the district.

The seasons in Scotland are even more variable, every group of rivers having different dates, according as the fish run up them, early or late in the year.

It would be impossible to list them all here. Suffice it to say that the earliest dates are January 11th for Thurso, January 12th for the Strathy and Naver, January 15th for the Forth and Tay, February 1st for the Shetland Islands, Earn and Tweed, February 2nd for Loch Ness; the latest river to open being the Annan, on February 25th.

Eels may be angled for all the year round, and rabbits may be shot at any time. They are practically the only unprotected creatures good for food within the United Kingdom, but fortunately are very prolific.

L. C. R. Cameron.

TO COLONIAL READERS.

A CONVENIENCE WHICH THEY WILL APPRECIATE.

Very frequently we receive from Colonial readers requests that we should purchase for them sporting guns, clothes, and other things which can be bought comparatively cheaply in London, but for which extravagant prices are demanded abroad.

We have hitherto felt obliged to decline to accede to these requests, as we had not the necessary organisation to deal with the matter in a thorough way. At the suggestion of various Colonial readers, however, we have now established in connection with this paper a Colonial Universal Supply Department, and in future this department will deal with any commissions which readers may entrust to us.

The innovation is one which will be welcome to many, and particularly to those readers who reside in Colonies where the things they desire to purchase are very highly priced.

We are prepared to buy for and dispatch to any Colonial reader any article whatsoever that can be obtained in London, on condition that he sends us with his order a sufficient sum to pay for it.

The purchase will be made in the best and cheapest markets, and any balance of money will be immediately returned to our client, or credited to his account, whichever he may prefer.

Readers who are likely to make many purchases at various times, may, if they desire to do so, deposit sums of £5 and upwards with us, and a statement as to the balance of their deposit will be sent to them each time goods are forwarded.

All goods will be packed and dispatched most carefully, but it must be understood that they are sent at the purchaser's risk. Where it is possible to register or insure goods in transit this will be done, provided the purchaser instructs us to do so.

We shall charge 10 per cent. of the value of the purchases to meet the expenses of this department.

All cheques, money orders, and postal orders are to be made payable to The Modern Man, Ltd., and all communications regarding this department must be addressed to the Colonial Universal Supply Department, The Modern Man Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

FINER POINTS of RUGBY

RESTING TACTICS THAT MAKE HE GAME SO WELL WORTH WATCHING.

ere may still be some who believe that is mainly a game of brute strength, so one can only conclude that they ever seen a modern first-class match. on't say that strength is no longer an ant asset in a Rugby player. True, rds tend to become lighter owing to the greater amount ning and dribbling required of them, but the son of will always get his place in a good team, provided easonably fast and clever.

werful, determined runners and tacklers like Mr. t are at a premium in the back division.

e point, however, is that modern Rugby is quite as pretty touches, wily manœuvres, and scientific tactics sociation—a fact which readily explains Rugby's growing popularity with the general public.

CKING.

very useful manœuvre is the cross-kick. A player, wing three-quarter, gets the ball. The defence con- te on him, and his way is barred. Instead of attempt- force his way through, he kicks right across the field ds, but in front of, the other wing three-quarter, who bably unguarded, but quite as probably off-side if he ots to play the ball.

e first player, however, races straight ahead—as he ot got the ball, nor is trying to get it, he must be a clear course—and the moment he passes the ball e are on-side, and his opposite wing often gets a clear .

e Welshmen have pulled many a match out of the skilful cross-kicking.

en there is the dodge when your way is blocked by of punting over his head and racing round him to the ball either on the volley or the bounce.

RKABLE TRY.

is, however, is no new trick. I saw it practised to ion over twenty years ago.

was in an East v. West of Scotland match, and the ormer" was Mr. J. H. Marsh, afterwards a Scottish ational three-quarter.

got the ball somewhere in his own twenty-five, short and high over the heads of the forwards as ushed down on him, darted through them, and caught ll before it fell, punted it over the three-quarters, raced hem, caught the ball again, punted over the head of ll back, and, catching the ball for the third time, , I should say, the most wonderful try ever seen.

emember one of the Rugby Union officials nearly had oplectic fit, and remarked between gurgles that it he first something time that he had ever seen a man cup and ball" at Rugby.

NG.

ere is no prettier sight at Rugby than the "swerving," ich Mr. Gwyn Nicholls and many other Welsh backs past masters.

rely straight running, however fast, will rarely score owadays, and unless a three-quarter can swerve when g an opponent, he cannot be accounted first class.

erving calls for great strength in the loins and leg es.

favourite feint with Mr. A. D. Stoop, the England and quin captain, is known as "selling the dummy." The when threatened feints to pass in one direction, but does not pass, or, by a piece of clever juggling, sends ll in the opposite direction.

one time, if a wing three-quarter got the ball, his uty was to rush along the touch-line at top speed. If ened or tackled he rarely made any attempt to pass; owadays the reverse or inside pass from a wing three- er is a recognised and paying manœuvre.

y the left wing gets away, the left-centre three-quarter him up on his right hand, prepared to take his pass left to right.

An improvement on these tactics is for the wing man when threatened to swerve right away from the touch-line, the centre three-quarter racing round and becoming a temporary winger.

If the opposing three-quarter goes for the man with the ball, it is quickly passed back to the new winger, while if he doesn't go for the man with the ball, the latter may have a clear course.

In the old days a scrummage was a deadly dull affair—at least, for the spectators. To-day scrums are quickly formed, and as quickly broken up, and the scientific "spoiling" of wing forwards like Mr. C. H. Pillman is most interesting to watch.

The footwork and passing rushes of modern forwards are most exhilarating. Without making any odious comparisons, I doubt whether Association can offer the spectator anything to compare with the excitement of a characteristic rush by a Scotch or Irish pack.

A SCRUM HALF'S DODGE.

Half-back tactics have been entirely changed. Formerly both halves stood close up to the scrum, but now one "stands off," ready to run or pass when he gets the ball from his partner who "works the scrum."

The duels between a scrum half like Mr. D. R. Gent and a wing forward like Mr. Pillman afford a very pretty entertainment.

A favourite dodge with a scrum half is to steal round the blind, that is, unguarded side of the scrum. This is usually the side nearer touch, and Mr. Gent has scored many a try by feinting to pass out to his stand-off and then quietly slipping round on the blind side.

Altogether Rugby is now a splendid game to watch, and by all accounts also to play.

The play is quite as fast and kaleidoscopic as at "Soccer," and, while strength is by no means at a discount, brawn is of little use unless accompanied by brains.

A. W. BRACKENBURY.

THE MEDICINE BALL.

A NEW BOXING "TRAINING STUNT" GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED.

"Now then, lads, get ready, Medicine Ball!" says the trainer, grimly; and the lads, good boxers all, who are there to assist in the training of another one for a big contest, mop their faces and prepare reluctantly for the ordeal.

It is an immense leather-covered ball, two or three times bigger than an Association football, and considerably heavier. The men stand in the gymnasium, which is generally cleared for the process, or else in a "ring," and hurl the "medicine ball" from one to the other.

Hardly ever are more than four men at work together, for otherwise each man would have too long to wait after parting with the ball, and the exercise would not be sufficiently sustained.

Soft tossing is the order at first, and the men pass the ball from one to the other, much after the same fashion as an athlete puts the weight. Even an inexperienced onlooker can almost see their biceps and triceps muscles growing in power with every throw.

"Faster, boys!" says the trainer, and the throws increase in speed and force. It is now that the clumsy catcher is unmasked. The ball hurtles up against a broad chest, and before the dilatory hands can seize it, has fallen to the floor.

"Throw from between your legs, lads." The trainer sees that their backs have not been doing enough work. That is why he gives this order.

Now every time each man catches the ball, he has to bend down and swing it well under him between his legs. Then he jerks it quickly upwards to the next man, who repeats the process in turn. It is fine exercise for arms, legs, stomach, and back.

"Now then, a rally." The men, knowing this is the last turn, close up gladly, each one only a yard or so from his neighbour. For two or three minutes they positively hurl the ball to one another, and then, with sweat streaming from them, rush off for a warm bath.

A TERRITORIAL SKETCH.

THE CAPTAIN'S PEN

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The Captain lifted up his pen.

Before him on his desk was the writing paper. . . . The date—what was the date?

The Captain had written many letters and had left this one to the last. He had dated them all. Now he was incapable of starting this one because the date would not come to his mind.

He reflected laughingly that this was entirely in keeping with his supposed character.

He was only a Territorial Captain—not a *real* captain.

By trade he was a wine and spirit merchant. Most of the private letters from his friends were addressed "Captain Way," and his customers, when they were annoyed because his errand-boys delivered their crates of ale late, were still careful to adhere to the "Captain" in their sarcastic inscription of their notes of complaint.

"Captain Way, Wine Merchant," said those addresses.

And now he was going to give it all up!

This procedure would in itself be scandalous of him.

He was an ill-starred person.

To resign now at a time when the Territorial Force was sadly needing the support, at least, of its old members, was indeed unpatriotic.

If there was nothing else in particular in the county paper, no local divorce cases, no interesting suicides, this bad man, as he poised the pen in the air preparatory to writing, realised full well that he would come in for adverse comment. . . . That was the worst of your imitation wine-office soldiery. You could no more rely upon them to stick to their posts like gentlemen than to see that their errand-boys did not shake up the port wine when they brought it. Possibly his finances would not run to it? . . .

It is nice to reflect that the conscience of the villain made use of its still, small voice to the uttermost. A man who was ready to face the bullets of his country's foes, surely he should be able to stand a little of this good-natured thoroughly British banter!

He had no right to take offence at anything. Was not the motto of the old Volunteers, "Defence, not defiance"?

Then why should he, a Captain of volunteers, flush when a church-parade-watching crowd from his own town gave him a laugh bigger than that accorded to the late Dan Leno at a football match?

He should take all in good part the remarks about his "tin sword," and the requests of the female portion of the population (addressing him familiarly and mistakenly as "Charlie") to chase them.

Anxious inquiries as to whether he cleaned his buttons with Brasso should have been met with a polite affirmative or negative, as the case might be.

It affected business. He should not forget that he was a business man as well.

A perverted idea as to the justice of these things made the Captain think of turning his head round to the mantelpiece in his office where was a calendar, upon the accuracy of which depended the salaried position of the office boy—that very office boy who took it kindly of the clerks when they addressed him as Orderly-Sergeant Spillikins (in keeping with the military atmosphere of the office). This young man he had sometimes caught praying the junior clerk to drill him after the manner of the guvnor's style.

It is nice to record that Captain Way, the portentous deserter from his post of expense and duty, had got no further than fuming about it, and had pretended not to notice the circumstance—a lucky thing for him, because there is this curse of militarism (as the Socialist will tell you), and if it is brought into the workaday world so that the very "sack" of respectability becomes "marching orders," then it is time to wonder whence the New England is re-ascending.

The Captain had looked at the date, or had miraculously recollected it. There was one thing that had blotted it out of his mind. There were visions of sports' days, of camp days, of company smoking-concerts that had arisen up to fuddle his naturally very shallow brain (only a business-man Territorial Captain, you must remember).

On those occasions his men had been so good as to applaud him very heartily, as was due to his uniform. Moreover, their eyes had beamed their appreciation of his worthless self. (See all papers, and hear all Members of Parliament.)

When he had mentioned, at the last annual Company dinner, that it was possible that he would sit with them only as an ex-officio guest the next year, the room had rang to "No, Captain! No, sir, we can't have that!"

That is what made his pen splutter (being a business man his hand was used to writing) when he proceeded to indite his resignation, with the date all correct.

SCORING IN HARRIERS' RACES.

There is generally a certain amount of dissatisfaction felt by the uninitiated spectator at cross-country or harriers' races, for it will often happen that a club may provide the first three men home and yet be beaten.

This is due to the system of scoring used at present. The great majority of athletes agree with it, for it certainly makes for the victory of the best *average* team.

The rule is to take the order of arrival of the different men, and to assign to each a number equivalent to the order in which he arrives. Then the first man in is numbered one, the fifth five, and so on.

Suppose two harriers' clubs finish thus:—

1	6
2	7
3	8
4	9
5	10
40	11
—	—
55	51

It will be seen that one club has furnished the first five men, but its next has got no nearer than fortieth. Thus, taking the aggregate of the first six—as is generally the rule—we find the other club to be the winner by four points.

This is, perhaps, rather a strained possibility, but it shows how the more brilliant club can sometimes be beaten by a weaker one.

THE CHARM OF BRIDGE

Why is it that bridge has so largely taken the place of whist? For remember that bridge is no longer practically confined to Society, but is being played by almost all classes of the community.

Well, bridge, in the first place, offers more scope for individual play than whist.

For example, at whist trumps are decided by the turn of the trump card, and this is purely a matter of luck; but at bridge no trump card is turned.

The dealer has the option of making trumps of any suit he likes, or he may declare "No trumps."

While the "declaration" is largely guided by convention—there is, for example, the general rule that you should not declare "hearts" unless you have six of them or are very strong in honours—it calls for judgment, careful consideration of the state of the game, and a good knowledge of the mathematical chances of your partner holding certain cards.

Then the dealer at least cannot suffer from his partner's bad play, for as soon as a card has been led the dealer's partner puts down his hand and it is played for him by the dealer.

There is little variety about the scoring at whist. Even if you take every trick, you cannot score more than a treble three points; but at bridge, to take every trick is grand slam and an addition of 40 points to your score.

At whist there are only four honours, but at bridge there are five, the ten counting as the fifth. This means that honours can never be divided, as at whist, and thus the scoring possibilities of honours are greater.

Then you can double and redouble at bridge.

In short, bridge calls for quite as much skill and play as whist, but it is more of a gamble, which no doubt accounts for its greater popularity.

GRAND JURIES.

You are quite as likely to be summoned on a Grand Jury as on a common one. At least this is true of Grand Juries at Quarter Sessions, for the qualification to serve is precisely the same as that for a common jury.

In the case of Grand Juries at assizes, however, it is a sort of unwritten law to summon only justices of the peace or ex-J.P.'s.

The Grand Jury's business, of course, is to consider bills of indictments against accused persons and either to find a true bill or to ignore the bill.

In the latter case, this usually means that the prisoner is discharged, but not necessarily so.

Mr. Justice Avory, for example, recently had before him a man charged with murder. The Grand Jury ignored the bill, or, rather, reduced the charge to one of manslaughter.

The Judge, however, said that he must still be tried for murder, because he had been committed on a coroner's inquisition. Tried for murder he was, only to be found guilty of manslaughter.

Grand Juries consider criminal charges only, and, like common juries in criminal cases, they receive no pay for their services.

HOW TO LEAD A DOG.

All dogs should be trained to follow properly at heel, or at least to trot gaily beside their masters when put on the lead; but a strange dog or a recent purchase is not always so complaisant, and it sometimes happens that it is necessary to lead a dog which is not wearing either the usual collar or chain.

To tie a bit of string round his neck and expect him to acquiesce in your wishes is futile. If you have to lead a strange dog, it is essential that the method employed should disarm him.

Therefore, twist a handkerchief tightly, and put it round the dog's neck to form a collar. Fold the handkerchief into a narrow bandage, tie a simple knot at one end, and twist from that to the other, then tie another knot to prevent the bandage untwisting.

Then place it round the animal's neck, and fasten it with a reef-knot, not a slip-knot. This will make a comfortable collar, and must fit closely enough not to be pulled over the head should the dog jib. Bear in mind that such a make-shift collar is more or less elastic.

The bit of string may now be attached as a lead, and should be long enough to give the animal a sense of limited freedom. Then, with a little coaxing, he should follow docilely enough.

EVENING DRESS TYRANNY.

Manchester is excited over the question whether evening dress should be abolished at the Hallé concerts there. That is a local matter, but it raises the larger question of the wearing of evening dress at theatres and places of amusement in general.

There is no doubt that the necessity of "dressing" for the theatre if you go to the stalls or dress circle makes many a man disinclined to go, and this usually means that his family don't go to the theatre so often as they might.

Take the case of a business man. There are two courses open to him: One is to hurry home, dress, and rush back to town again. This is tiresome.

The other method is to bring his dress clothes into town with him. This means the nuisance of lugging about a bag. Or he has often to change uncomfortably at his office or go to the expense of having a room at an hotel, probably discovering at the last moment that his ties or his shirt-studs have been forgotten.

On the Continent and in America people do not dress for the theatre, with the result that a man has plenty of time to have a comfortable meal in town before going to the play.

Here, however, people do not drop into theatres. It is a solemn function, usually planned some time ahead. And people are ceasing to drop into the music-halls, for at many of these evening dress in the better parts of the house is as much a necessity as at the theatre.

Music-hall managers should beware of encouraging this growing custom of dressing for the halls, for in the end it will simply drive away the average man.

DESCRIBING THE MORE SPARTAN SIDE OF AQUATICS.

The rowing man who is in business—and it is chiefly for him that this article is intended; I am not writing of the University oar—is, perhaps, one of the most sportsmanlike figures in sport. Take the metropolitan amateur oarsman, who is growing in numbers every day of the year, and who is typical of the rowing man in business. This is how he takes his sport.

During the best part of the day he devotes his energies to his business, and then, although tired both in body and mind, he leaves the office and sprints into a train for Putney or Hammersmith. Or if he doesn't take the train, he puts a further tax on his vitalities by cycling down to the boat-house.

THE SATURDAY SPIN.

Arrived there he goes out in an eight, a four, or a pair, whatever the tide or the weather may be like, changes and dresses, and gets home when it is just about time to go to bed.

This is his programme in the summer months when the light is lasting; but it is not possible in winter. It is obvious, however, that so keen a sportsman as this is not going without his rowing even when the weather is Arctic, and drizzling rains chill him to the bone. No. Every Saturday he must go out in the boat.

Behold him then, at about ten in the morning, if he has the whole day off, or about two in the afternoon if he has to work till midday, helping to get the boat out. It is distinctly an heroic proceeding, this, on a typical early winter day, with a penetratingly chilly breeze making its way up the flapping openings of his shorts and circulating all round his shivering body. His muscles don't seem to like the weather either; they are so stiff as to threaten to crack at each motion.

FACING THE COLD.

Br-r-r-r! It *is* cold!

Wisely he puts a warm sweater on, and before getting into the boat, he gives his legs a vigorous rubbing, chafes his arms, rolling up the sleeves of his sweater to do so, and then takes a short trot for a few seconds to get generally warmed up.

At first he is inclined to make mental comparison between the enjoyable nature of rowing in summer and in winter, not exactly in favour of the latter, for as the boat gets a good way on it, his back as he "finishes" seems almost cut in half by the wind.

But this feeling doesn't last long. The long, steady stroke, which after a little while is dead in time with every other man in the boat, at last takes a hold on him. The sight of the muscles of the man's back in front of him is an instructive suggestion that his own back muscles are working in the same way, and he glories in the thought of the topping sport he is having.

PHYSICAL PAINS AND PLEASURES.

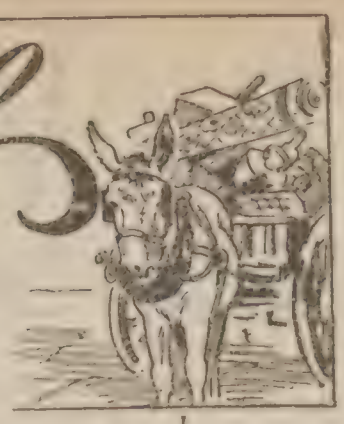
The blood begins to flow freely all about his body, and he thinks to himself, "This *is* rowing, if you like! Compared with this, the game in the summer is only duck-paddling."

It is only when they are nearing the wharf again, and cox's "Easy *all!*" seems to come to him from a very long distance, that he realises that he is done, fagged out to the last ounce.

If he has been rowing on a fixed seat, too, he does not feel comfortable at all, for at the beginning of training there is always an uncomfortable soreness which in wintry weather and shorts is by no means milder than at other times of the year. But that's nothing. In the middle of a hearty dinner he finds himself looking forward eagerly to next Saturday's pull.

T. E. Forrest.

A Deal



THE STORY OF A DISILLUSION.

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

I looked round the outhouse, and I said to myself: "I really ought to get ten shillings for this lot."

It was while my wife was away that I conceived the notion of disposing of our accumulated rubbish. Rubbish is a bad thing to have littered about; it harbours the dirt and it takes up valuable room. There is no doubt about it. Agatha, in spite of her many good qualities, is a reprehensibly untidy young woman.

You will gather from the appraisement I have mentioned that the stuff was not actually "rubbish." It was, indeed, most useful and serviceable.

I am a methodical man, and I therefore drew up a detailed list of the articles, placing against each item an estimate of the possible sum accruing. This being done, I halved the amount. It is always well to be on the safe side when contemplating bargaining with an itinerant dealer.

Here is the list:	Probable cost.	Feasibly worth.
1 roll of linoleum, in tolerable preservation	£2 0 0	0 5 0
2 bundles of carpets, apparently remnants	7 0 0	0 4 6
1 child's cot, very rusty (never wanted it. Pity.)	1 2 6	0 1 0
4½ pairs boots and shoes—wife's—would look better if cleaned ...	2 10 0	0 1 6
2 old pairs my own—not much good...	1 17 0	0 0 9
6 hats (mine)—silk, crush, straw, &c.	3 3 0	0 1 0
7 ditto of wife's	?	0 1 0
2 blazers, 1 broken tennis racket, old coat, number blouses and stockings (better put all these together) ...	?	0 2 6
Variety of pots and pans—ought to have been repaired	2 0 0	0 2 0
1 silk-embroidered smoking jacket, Turkish style (wondered where this had got to)	2 10 0	0 1 0
Fez to match	0 7 6	Nothing
Hookah, broken	1 11 6	0 0 6
Assortment of bottles and syphons, considerable number	—	0 1 0
Collection of magazines, reviews, periodicals (afraid not worth much)	5 0 0	0 0 6
Hundredweight or more of newspapers (useful to butchers)	—	0 1 0
Grand total		£1 3 3

I looked through the list again, and in some cases revised the amounts.

"Yes," I said, "I really ought to get ten shillings for this lot."

Returning to the house, I instructed our inefficient general to inform me when next a peripatetic dealer should present himself at our door.

Scarcely had I been settled in my study for an hour when the summons came.

I descended, and found awaiting me a thin, under-sized, grimy-looking young man, with staring blue eyes which seemed to have the faculty of looking at things without evincing any expression whatever.

Thus stonily he regarded me when I addressed him on the threshold.

"Come this way," I invited, and led the way across the yard to the outhouse. "You will see what I have gathered together. Only make me a reasonable offer for it and the stuff is yours."

He stood surveying it with an absence of enthusiasm which bordered on the dismal.

"This?" he said.

I explained that at any rate the clothes-mangle and my bicycle were not included. He examined disparagingly all that was within easy reach. He turned over with his foot the majority of the articles. He seemed to be sinking into such a condition of despondency that I hoped for his own sake he would presently rouse himself.

"Might tike it out o' yer road for a tanner," he grudgingly conceded at length.

I begged his pardon.

He repeated his proposal.

I am a good-tempered man, but everyone's urbanity has its limits.

"Do you mean," I said, striving to be calm, "that you offer me *sixpence* for the goods? Or is it that you expect me to pay you that sum for being so obliging as to remove them?"

"Well, whichever way soots you best," he responded, demonstrating a desire to be fair.

"Oh?" I said. "Well, neither way suits me. You go my way. Do you clearly understand that?"

"You see, I gotter get a barrer. And I gotter take it to Stepney. And it's 'ardly worf 'avin' even as a favour. Anyhow, rather than 'ave any argerment I won't charge you nuffink——"

"Will you leave my premises?" I requested, with deadly calm. "I decline to discuss the matter further with you—in any shape or form."

"Well, if that's it, we won't fall out over a tanner——"

"Will you go?" I repeated, trembling all over.

He went. His unconcerned avoidance of hurry was itself an additional insult.

I said to our general: "If that man calls again, or any of his kind, shut the door in his face forthwith."

Nevertheless, she came up not five minutes afterwards with the intimation that another man wanted to see me. "He says there's been a stupid mistake. If you'll only see him he'll tell you all about it, and put the matter right."

After a struggle with wounded dignity I consented to capitulate.

The second man was no more prepossessing than the first: he was dark and pock-marked; he smiled upon me, however, propitiatingly.

"My pal," he explained earnestly, "don't know nuffink about this 'ere trade. 'E's always makin' big mistakes. Now if you was to let *me* name yer a price . . . ."

I took him to the shed, and awaited his offer. Cheerful to begin with, he rapidly became lugubrious.

"Worst of it is," he averred, "you can't get a copper for o'd linoleum nowadays. And carpets is very 'eavy. As for them bits o' clo'es, you wouldn't sell—they was worf anyfink, sir. A copper or two, p'raps, from a ragman. Boots?—they fro 'em at yer, sir, if you offer 'em. I can't get *nuffink* for newspapers—no sale—wouldn't worf me while to take 'em away even if you let me have the other stuff. Say eighteenpence for everything—that's a fair, honest price. You won't get anybody to give more, not if yer search London froo. What? Yer won't take it?"

I told him I would not.

He reluctantly departed, after avowing that if he gave two bob 'e'd never see 'is money back, but rather than go back empty-'anded . . . . No! two bob was the *limit!*"

Ten minutes afterwards a third man came. From the bath-room window I could see the other pair leaning in position of indolent ease against the shaft of a moke-cart—a "barrer." The "barrer" was already half full of other goods obtained elsewhere.

I was becoming callous by now. Five shillings, I determined, should remain my unalterable figure.

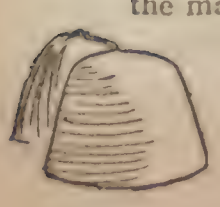
The third man beat me down to three and six, and then to three shillings by disparagement so cunning in persuasion so diabolical that I burn with humiliation every time I allow myself to think of him.

He sent me on an errand to the kitchen to hunt up and add as a perquisite a further dozen stoppered beer bottles before even he would consent to *that* price!

Then he confessed that the utmost he possessed in the world was two shillings and tenpence-ha'penny. Surely I should "make no rah abaht what was no more than the price of a glars!"

I didn't. I made no "rah" at all. I was only too glad for him to go and to take the unmentionable rubbish with him!

But if I could meet him again and inquire after the fate of my bicycle lamp, there might, there certainly would be, a particularly unpleasant "rah"!



FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED.

WORK OF THE "COPPER'S NARK."

"From information received, it appears that——" so often begins the Scotland Yard detective's official report on a case. Whence comes this information?

Sometimes from the general public, as when "Belle Elmore's" friends went to the Yard and communicated their suspicions about her disappearance.

At other times information comes from a member of the public who has particular reason for desiring to stand well with the police.

Publicans often put the police on the track of evil-doers.

For example, a public-house near a great emporium was once used as a rendezvous by a gang of professional shop-lifters. The landlord had his suspicions, communicated them, and the entire gang, including their leader, who was known as "The Queen," were shadowed and caught red-handed.

Cabmen are often good allies of the police, as witness the Stinie Morrison case.

In the case of habitual criminals, however, the police rely mainly for information about their plans and movements on the "copper's nark." He is a sort of police spy, and is our nearest approach to the Russian *agent-provocateur*.

He is the associate of thieves and often a thief or an ex-thief himself. He will take part in, say, a burglary, and when, thanks to his treachery, his associates are arrested, he will be arrested too. But the police evidence against him will be curiously weak, and he will score a lucky "acquittal."

It is dangerous work, for once let him be suspected of being a copper's nark and it will not be long before his dead body is picked out of the Thames.

Many a case of "Found drowned" has this for its explanation.

Women are often employed as police spies, more especially women of a certain class.

RAIN IN THE VILLAGE.

A BIT OF REAL COUNTRY LIFE.

When the long rainstorm breaks the continuity of a walk in the country, and drives one to shelter, the sight of the village in the distance—made indistinct through the straight curtain of rain, driving down like a long fringe from the black cloud—is doubly welcome.

Then the crudest inn parlour is a haven indeed, and the cheapest of "swipes," and the sourest of bread and cheese tastes like the food of the gods.

But even an inn parlour grows monotonous after three-quarters of an hour's waiting, and a move is made to the door, where at least one can watch the rain.

It is strange how fascinating steady rain becomes to people at once glad of shelter, yet anxious to be gone.

You stand in the wide door of a barn close by, and watch and wait. Across the road is a low blank wall, over which the thick thatch of the barn falls low. A ceaseless drip from the edge of the straw suggests that it will rain for ever, and the accumulation of rain-water in the gulley at the foot of the wall fills, splashes up at every drop, and then finds its way out in a winding stream into the road, and thence to the nearest ditch.

Upon the wall are notices of sales by auction of heifers, sheep, farm implements, horses, or the furniture of the farmer lately dead. Mixed with these are advertisements of the draper in the nearest town. They are flaring pictures of men and women in "our wonderful suits" and "our smart frocks."

Once or twice in an hour a labourer will pass with heavy tread, a sack thrown cornerwise over his head, like a monk's hood.

Watching these things, you almost forget the rain until you look towards the dark interior of the barn. This throws the falling drops, and you notice that the rain has nearly stopped; then you step out from shelter with a feeling of gladness to be on the road again. The surface is soft, and small flies from the toes at each step. For the time, the rain has ceased.

You leave the village still silent. Only the drops from the thatch are less frequent.

POINTS THAT MAKE FOR IMPROVEMENT OF FORM.

No game should have greater attractions for the keen footballer who is getting a little past the age for the great winter game than hockey, for it has many points in common with Association football, while being a shade less strenuous. The man whose girth and wind are becoming respectively stouter and shorter as he nears the forties doesn't want to be bumped about as much as is usual on the footer field.

There is no charging at hockey. "Hooking" or "knocking up" sticks is the only form of tackling allowed, and this only when one of the players concerned is on the ball.

Training for hockey differs very little from that observed for football. Walking, with as long strides as possible, so as to exercise the whole body thoroughly, steady jog-trots of two or three miles, and a burst of sprinting now and then to improve stamina and speed respectively—these are the main points of training for hockey.

GLOVES AND STICKS.

The knuckles are very liable to get barked when one man's stick glances up another, so that some sort of gloves are advisable. Cricket batting-gloves are excellent for the purpose, leaving the hand conveniently unencumbered on the inside for a firm grasp on the handle of the stick.

With regard to the latter, it is customary for a forward to have a lighter one than a back or half-back, and a little shorter as well. The following measurements may be taken as reliable on an average:

	Length.	Weight.
Forwards	40 inches	22oz.
Halves and backs	42 inches	24oz.
Goalkeeper	42 inches	26oz.

It should be noted that all sticks must be able to pass through a ring two inches in diameter.

ATTRACTIONS OF THE GAME.

With regard to the game itself, one of its chief characteristics is its extreme fairness. You seldom see any fouls, possibly for the reason that at hockey they are more readily detected than in, say, football. Hockey is not nearly so much under the sway of the whistle as football is.

Again, hockey is faster as a rule, and therefore appeals to the man who likes a quick, active game.

Even to a greater extent than in football is combination a factor of success. Individual play, in fact, is no use at all at hockey, and no selfish player will ever get a place in a big team.

The chief requirements of a hockey forward are speed, judgment of strength in passing, and ability to shoot from a pass without stopping the ball. If a shot is taken in this way, the goalkeeper is hardly ever able to stop it; whereas the act of arresting the course of the ball gives the goalkeeper a fairly clear idea of the direction the shot is going in, and he makes his plans accordingly.

HARD WORK FOR THE HALVES.

Decidedly the hardest-worked men on the field are the halves. They must be continually on the go, breaking up rushes and passing to the forwards. They should, however, invariably give way to a back, for in a fast game like hockey, a back is obviously in a better position to clear than a half-back, who has to run back towards his own goal.

Halves should only rarely stop the ball with their hands (this is, of course, allowed provided the ball be instantly dropped), because they will have to grip their stick again before hitting.

I have, of course, been speaking throughout of hockey as played by men only—for it is essentially a masculine game. In a "mixed hockey" match the men can never put forth all their strength, and "mixed hockey" teams are no more nor less than "cock and hen clubs." In my humble opinion, "mixed hockey" should be firmly discouraged.

GEOFFREY CANNON.

DRIVING A MOTOR-CAR

A MONTH'S TUITION IN A NUTSHELL.

We will consider that the reader is acquainted with the elementary working of a car's mechanism. The following article is intended to be of service to those who, for some reason or other, are not in a position to take a course of driving lessons in the ordinary way.

The principal points which are impressed upon all learners before they are allowed to take a car out are three, namely:

(1) Steering,
(2) Use of brakes, and
(3) Changing speeds.

LEARNING TO STEER.

The first is learned in the following way; and I am afraid this information will be of little practical use if the reader cannot obtain the temporary use of some friend's car in order to put it into practice; but this should not present any difficulty to a man who has a friend working in a garage.

To turn the car to the right you simply give the wheel a twist to the right, and *vice versa*, but you must be in the car to understand how much turning of the wheel will be sufficient to turn the car in the required direction.

What is done in a school is for the learner to take the driver's seat with an instructor on his left. This instructor has on his side an appliance for controlling the learner's levers, so that if the latter is at fault he can see that no harm is done. Thus the learner is enabled to steer and change speeds in complete safety.

THE TWO BRAKES.

With regard to the use of the brakes, most cars have two—one a pedal or push-brake on the driver's extreme right, which he presses with his foot, and which will stop the car within its own length; and an emergency side brake at his right hand. This, however, is never used while the pedal-brake is in working order.

The great thing to remember in applying the brake is to disengage your engine, which is done by pressing the clutch pedal, which is the one on the extreme left-hand side in any car. This disengages the engine (in front) from the running gears at the back, thus rendering the stopping of the car easier.

If you did not previously disengage your engine, the car would stop just the same, but the engine would stop too; and you would have to get out again, and start the car with the crank-handle in front.

The use of the brakes is undoubtedly the most important department of driving, for it is this that enables you to slow up and so on in the midst of traffic.

CHANGING SPEEDS.

Now as to changing speeds. Most cars have four speeds, ranging from about six miles an hour to sixty, and these are regulated by a lever on the driver's right-hand, next to the emergency brake.

Always remember in changing speed from high to low to disengage your clutch so as to let your engine slow down a bit; and you should do the same when changing from low to high speed—but in this case get a higher speed on your car first of all by giving her more petrol. This is done by pressing a pedal in some cars, and in others by working a little lever which is fixed on the top of the steering-wheel, conveniently for the hand.

These random hints are to help those who are struggling with the elements of driving, and I don't suppose the man who reads them will be advanced enough yet to take a car out, but when he does he should know how to fill her with petrol.

To do this you simply pour it into the tank out of a can, and you must then take care that the petrol has found its way into the carburettor. To ascertain this you just "tickle the float" of the latter, and when the petrol drips out you know there is enough.

R. F.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THREE YEARS OLD.

This week, we celebrate the third anniversary of our birthday, for with this number THE MODERN MAN has completed the third year of its existence, and a very sturdy youngster it has become.

This is the third time I have had to write birthday notes, and the third time I have had to thank the many readers who have sent me congratulations.

I do not know whether you have ever observed it, but it is always difficult to write a satisfactory letter of thanks. Someone makes you a present, or gives you an invitation which is extremely welcome, and you sit down to write your acknowledgments and to express your pleasure, but somehow or another, when you have finished that letter and have read it over again, it seems very flat and inexpressive, and you wonder whether, after all, it would not have been better for you to confine your message to the brief and conventional phrase of "Thank you very much," allowing your friend to read into that all you meant to convey.

Such is my case at the present moment, but it is more than congratulations for which I have to thank you, for it is you, my readers, who have made this paper what it is.

A READER'S VISIT.

This morning I had a visit from a naval officer who is home on leave from Malta, and in the course of our conversation, he reminded me of the fact that it was just over two years since he last paid me a visit. I may say that it was entirely through this paper that I got to know him.

Of course, the approaching publication of our anniversary number was mentioned, and I asked him—because I wanted to know—whether he thought I looked any older than I did when he last saw me, and I was glad when he said that I didn't.

Three years, though you are hard at it all the time, do not seem to take very much out of you if the work is congenial, and I need scarcely assure my older readers that the work of editing this paper is entirely congenial to me, for I have already told them how I worked to establish THE MODERN MAN from the time when I was sixteen, and how it has been the focus of my thoughts ever since.

THE HUMAN NOTE.

The paper is unconventional in many ways, and in none more than in the breaking down of the pedestal upon which editors are wont to place themselves.

I have made it my business, as it has also been my pleasure, to chat with you through the medium of the paper just as I should chat with you if we met, and to put before you just those things that I myself like to read.

This is the explanation of the paper's human and personal note, and of the friendship that I am happy to say exists between my thousands of readers and myself.

But all this is not thanking you.

It may, however, be a sufficient indication of my feelings to enable you to imagine just that one grip of the hand that I should like to give you personally.

COLONIAL READERS.

I invite all my Colonial friends to read the announcement on Page 208 regarding the new department which we have opened for their convenience.

It will be the means of saving them much expense and trouble, and I trust they will take advantage of it.

OUR POST-CARDS.

The second consignment of our now famous "Nice Place" postcards has arrived, and we shall be happy to send a supply, entirely free of charge, to all readers who want to enjoy the most amusing practical joke of the season.

Send a stamped addressed envelope to me, large enough to contain as many cards as you want, and sufficiently stamped to carry them; we shall do the rest. Please write the words "Nice Place" on the outside of your application, as this helps greatly in the sorting of our daily post, which is becoming increasingly heavy.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A DAY WITH A GUN

QUIET SPORT ROUND THE HEDGES OF THE LONELY FARM.

Though one may travel through miles and miles of English country that is one huge pheasant preserve, there are, happily, many great areas—whole counties, indeed—where the pheasant is scarcely known, and where he is certainly not the one aim and object of the countryside, from the squire to the school children.

Happily, one writes, because these unknown or neglected areas—whole counties in some instances—are the pleasant hunting grounds of the man who cannot afford either the time or the money to "go in for shooting," as the sport is usually practised by the leisured and the rich.

England is not one huge pheasant preserve as yet, though many counties give the impression that it is.

Nevertheless, there are great areas where game is the accident and hard farming the regular occupation.

It is in these districts that the sportsman with the love of gun in his heart, but without the means to gratify his tastes, finds sometimes an outlet for his heart's desire.

Such men generally contrive to take their annual fortnight or three weeks' holiday late in the autumn.

THE NEED.

At this season the out-of-the-way farm in a downland district comes as a perfect paradise of delight to the hungry sportsman.

He asks nothing elaborate, either from his temporary landlord and friend, the farmer, or from the game. It is his supreme delight to wander at will over the fields, far from the high road, and let come what will come within range.

With his shooting licence in his pocket—often bought after not a little scraping together of the necessary sum—he will shoulder his gun, which is often his landlord's, and will think himself in the seventh heaven of delight if he can but wander at will from field to field, from woodside to copse, from farmyard to outlying plantation, and so spend the long morning or afternoon, in peaceful surroundings, in the company of the gun which, however, may not speak more than thrice in a day.

PLEASANT EXPECTATIONS.

To the sportsman there are always the unknown possibilities of the next moment. Truly he knows not what a second may bring forth. He is even more happily placed, if possible, than the fisherman, who also is always on tiptoe of expectation as he watches his fly or his float and hopes eternally.

Wheresoever the sportsman goes he has the certain knowledge that something will turn up. As he strolls through the fields, having plunged into the hinterland of pastures, from the little-used highway, he feels cut off from all possible interference.

Out in the open expanse he has his work cut out to stalk his prey.

Often he sees, a field away, the rabbits fifty yards out from the hedges. He sets his ingenuity to work to outwit them. There is, perhaps, a gateway giving access to the field in which they are sporting, feeding, and romping. He walks by hedge and ditch until within range.

SCARING THEM OFF.

Then with gun almost at his shoulder he boldly steps through into the open gateway.

Bad luck! They heard or saw him, or, at least, somehow realised his presence. And only far up the hedge is the solitary rabbit still bold enough to sit out. Even this one is erect and alert, and bolts for the hedge as he approaches.

Still, he walks up this hedge. There! Hardly has he gone twenty yards before a squatter gets up within range, and tears for the hedge. But he has got on to it. Bang! The last yard between it and cover, the rabbit rolls over and over.

There may be others still sitting out, so he advances carefully. But nothing gets up, and the hedge is as still as a church at midnight.

Where the meadows dip to the valley, where the brook runs noisily, he can see more rabbits sitting outside their burrows. But they see him, and long before he is near enough to shoot, they dive suddenly into the earth. Not for an hour will they come out again.

But a welcome sound claims his attention. From somewhere in the neighbourhood comes the familiar, well-known, and welcome call, "peer-itz," "peer-itz." He listens. Yes, there are partridges near; and he stands still and waits, watching intently through the tops of the hedge for the approach of the covey.

They are not long in coming. His earlier shot has disturbed them. A whirr of wings, and they come hurtling over the opposite hedge, straight for him.

Will they see him? He is as still as a tree in the afternoon calm, as they come straight on, now flying hard, now with wings curved and extended, gliding along.

Twice he fires, trying the difficult task of a right and left. One bird falls. He is not expert enough to bring off this coveted double.

RETURNING FROM SPORT.

It is useless trying to follow them, scared as they are. Probably they have gone down many fields away.

It is surprising how time has flown, even while looking for just two shots. The sun is red and sinking, the mists are rising above the brook; it is late afternoon.

Back slowly to the farm he makes his way, still ready for the chance shot. The rabbits are less timid now, and sit longer in the dewy grass.

Three times he swells the day's bag. And then, a brisk walk home, the cartridges taken from the gun, and the day's bag growing into quite a burden as he walks.

As he turns into the farmyard he listens. Still the partridges are calling from the stubbles. A thin moon is in the west. A lamp gleams from the farm window.

C. EASTON-GREY.

TRIAL TACTICS.

HOW TRAINERS DELUDE THE TOUTS.

Although nowadays we seldom hear of such rousing punishment being inflicted on touts or horse-watchers by irate trainers as in the old days, when touts would be set upon and savagely flogged, thrown into rivers or ponds, and punished in all sorts of violent ways, nevertheless, the modern trainer regards horse-watchers with just as much animosity.

Now, however, he prefers to delude them, while at the same time satisfying himself thoroughly as to the respective merits of the horses he is trying.

One very ordinary device is to have the horse who is fancied ridden in the trial by a crack jockey whose judgment may be relied upon. The trainer gives instructions to the jockey to pull the animal a bit, so as to let the others, or at any rate one or two of them, canter in first. This deludes the touts, and the jockey's estimation of the horse's chances of winning are enough for the trainer.

"Going strong and well. Could have won by a street," is what a jockey will often say, after an arranged trial of this kind; but news will flash over the wires to London which will bring the sporting sheets out with scare heads—"Xshire Handicap Favourite Fails in His Work," "What's Wrong with So-and-So?"—and bring the horse in question down in the betting with a run. And all the time the stable are hugging themselves over the possession of a horse that simply can't lose.

Matt Dawson, one of the 'cutest trainers that ever sent a horse to the post, used to diddle the horse-watchers with the following system:

He would try his horses at weight for age, with the exception that he always gave the horse he fancied a pound or two over. Then, if the horse won the trial, he didn't win any too easily, so that not much leaked out, and if he was beaten, well, the trainer knew why.

Most trainers, by the way, keep trial-books, wherein they note the results of trials, with their criticisms on form, etc. But these trial-books are generally destroyed every two or three years.

HORSES IN WAR

FRANK SCUDAMORE, THE FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT, DISCUSSES A MATTER OF INTEREST TO ALL SOLDIERS AND HORSEMEN.

The terrible wastage of horseflesh in time of warfare is one of the most formidable propositions by which a commander is confronted, and hitherto no means have been devised by which this responsibility can be lessened.

The horse is at best one of the most delicate constitutioned of animals, and when removed from its accustomed environment and transported on shipboard, where it suffers cruelly from sea sickness, to a foreign climate, it commonly declines to adapt itself to the new conditions imposed.

Moreover, there arises the question of horse-mastership, and as to this the experience of the late South African war was a severe blow to our national pride. It had been customary with us to believe, without much reasoning of the matter, that an Englishman was, if not necessarily a horseman, at least a man of horses.

BRITISH LACK OF HORSEMANSHIP.

The war in South Africa taught us that in this we were mistaken and that, indeed, almost any other race had a better knowledge of horseflesh than was possessed by the average soldier of the British Army. The lesson was a costly one, but if we have profited by its teachings, the experience will have been beneficial.

As to the usage of horses in war, the South African campaign may be said to have furnished a complete compendium of knowledge. Probably at no time in the world's history have such vast numbers of horses been required for Army use, and certainly at no period have the necessary supplies been derived from such widely divergent sources. Practically every country in the world that produces horseflesh was laid under contribution.

Every animal, it may be said, arrived at the seat of war under similar conditions; that is to say, all had suffered on shipboard, and, although I believe that no official comparison of the respective values of different breeds has been tabulated, yet those on the spot who were interested in this matter gained valuable experience.

ALL KINDS OF FODDER.

As a man whose calling has obliged him to be a constant purchaser of horses in many different parts of the world, the question of the value of different breeds, together with that of keeping and feeding under war conditions, has ever been to me a matter of keenest interest.

Of course, the horses of different lands are accustomed to different fodders. Here, for instance, oats and hay are the staple diet, with, however, such variations from time to time as the horse master recognises to be needful. Throughout Turkey and Egypt, on the other hand, the ordinary horse-food is barley and chopped straw, with "gondja," a form of vetch, as a tonic in spring and autumn. In Kurdistan I have known horses to be fed almost exclusively on crushed beans, while in some parts of China rice is the animal's daily dietary.

This being so, it will at once be understood that it was difficult for animals with these varied appetites to conform themselves to the rigid rules of a British commissariat ration of oats, compressed hay, and alfalfa.

THE CORRESPONDENT'S ELEVEN STALLIONS.

Frequently, on a campaign, the great difficulty is the supply of any hay or straw substitute. In the Sudan, indeed, during the years of the Khartoum Expedition, it was found impossible to convey up country the vast quantity of chopped straw or "tibben," which, with barley, is the staple diet of horses and mules. As a result, our animals, missing the bulk of their rations, became, although the climate suited them well, greatly reduced in fat, and, therefore, incapable of long endurance.

I had myself eleven beasts—all stallions, by the way—and the problem of keeping them fit throughout the long summer months, while we waited for the Nile to rise was a source of constant anxiety to me. It was by an accident, indeed, that I found relief and hit on a means that, when the advance was made from our desert camp, sent my beasts on the march in the pink of condition.

By a mistake, the Cairo firm that supplied me with tinned provisions (all our provisions were tinned in the Sudan) forwarded to me a box containing many dozen tins of preserved carrots. My emotion at the discovery of this consignment in lieu of the varied delicacies that I expected may be more readily imagined than described, as also may be the wording of the telegram in which I remonstrated with that peccant firm twelve hundred miles distant.

A few days later my head syce came to me with a melancholy tale. The horses, he said, refused their food. He had tried them, he said, with sugar and salt and onions and lentils, but these had now ceased to please, and my faithful Gebreem declared himself at the end of his resources.

PUTTING THEM IN CONDITION.

The tins of despised carrots lay stacked under a tarpaulin outside my straw hut, and while I was talking to the groom, my eyes fell on them.

The solution of the difficulty was supplied. I gave each horse a tin of the dainties morning and evening for over a week, with the welcome result that when Lord Kitchener gave his marching orders they were in better state than all animals in the camp.

The behaviour of horses in battle affords constant surprises, but I think that I may say that well-bred animals of this country demean themselves worse than any others that I have known.

In Turkey and in Egypt I have found the little hardy fifteen-two country-breds behave almost invariably well under heavy rifle and artillery fire, and even on the three occasions when the beasts I was riding were fatally shot in battle the poor creatures behaved with remarkable quiet, despite their agonies.

UNEMOTIONAL CAMELS.

Perhaps the most placid creature imaginable under fire is the camel. I have sat behind one barracked in our square into whose great body (we were under heavy fire at the time) some half-dozen bullets thudded one after another, and the only sign of interest manifested by the poor brute was an occasional grunt.

For really extravagant manifestations, on the other hand, let me commend the Army mule. A mule loaded with a few boxes of rifle ammunition which have become partially detached from his pack-saddle, may be calculated to cause more irritation to a general's mind than would an officer who clubbed his company at a moment of urgency.

The sufferings of horses in war, and especially in action, are unspeakably terrible. Too often when a rider is shot out of the saddle his beast is cruelly injured at the same moment, and it is unfortunately seldom that the opportunity is seized by someone in authority to put the wounded animal out of its pain by a merciful bullet.

This, of course, is one of the inevitable cruelties of war, for, as will be understood, the soldier cannot be permitted to use his own judgment indiscriminately.

Frank Scudamore.

THE CARE OF STATIONERY.

There is a cheap kind of article called a stationery case which is an abomination. It is made like a deep box, with pieces of wood inserted to mark off divisions for paper and envelopes of different sizes. It is usually painted yellow and varnished.

Do not use one of these stationery spoilers. For one thing the stationery stands upright in them, and its edges get soiled and turned. But the worst fault of these open racks is that they catch, and keep, every particle of dust that is flying about.

Notepaper should be kept lying down flat. Then the edges will not be soiled. It should always be covered up so that dust cannot get to it, and it should not be allowed to get damp. This causes the gum on the envelope flaps to stick, and many envelopes are torn and, therefore, ruined on unfastening them when they are to be used.

THE LONGEST WAY.

IT HAS ITS OWN SPECIAL CHARM.

Few people nowadays regard travelling, at least by train, as anything more than a necessary waste of time. If a Londoner wishes to get to Birmingham, his mind is on the distance, and he is impatient of the delay in reaching the latter place in the physical sense, just as quickly. He spends a lot of money on newspapers, and travels first-class, and has lunch on the way, just because he wants to persuade himself into the belief that he is not wasting time.

But there must be—there are—many other travellers to whom travelling , for its own sake, is a very considerable pleasure. In these people the longest way round is often the pleasantest way home. They are not restricted to two hours, and if the journey should occupy four they are just as well pleased.

They choose, if there is a choice, the longest way round, because this way brings them to many out-of-the-way places that they would otherwise never have seen; and to these people the little junctions on the cross-country routes are sources of great interest.

It matters little if on such a journey there are three times the number of changes. Changing from one branch to another, and going with the train on all its wanderings through new country, is a fascinating occupation.

It has all the mild excitement of exploring, and the people of the world that lives off the beaten track are always more attractive and full of character. The branch line has its share of romance.

LONDON CAMEOS.

VI. THE FLOWER-SELLER.

She came out of the office and stood on the step, the girl in the gutter near by saw him, and came up, her basket cradled under her arm.

"Buy a flower, gentleman," she solicited.

"No, thanks," he said.

"Just a nice carnation. 'Ere's a pretty rose for yer. I don't sye she won't smile when she sees yer with that coat! What! not gewin ter meet yer gel? Well, yer so pleasant it was either that or the gel o' somebody else.

"Ain't got a gel *at all?* Well, strike me pink! If that ain't unlucky! S'pose I wouldn't do, by any chance?

"Now, buy a flower, there's a good sportiboy! I didn't arst yer, only yer look as if yer want just a little bit o' colour ter mike the whole picture perfect.

"Nah, *don't* get nahsty! I was only kiddin' yer a bit. Fer ter mike the world go rahnd—a bit o' sauce nah and then. I'm a oner for me joke.

"These 'ere carnations cost me one-and-four the dozen in the market this morning. Penny each to you—because I won't be 'appy till you get 'em.

"Won't yer buy a bunch—ter tike 'ome as a present for missus? She'll fall all over you in surprise and gratitude. 'A miracle!' she'll sye.

"You ain't got a missus? Lumme! What *'ev* yer got? A pip? 'Ere! I'll *give* yer the flowers! It goes to me ter see yer lookin' so blue—it does, strite!"—and she fixed with nimble fingers the stem of a rose through his buttonhole.

"I tell you I don't *want* it," he repeated, with only half unsuccessful acerbity.

"Only sixpence, gentleman. You wouldn't believe how it suits you orf! Mikes yer quite good-lookin'!"

"Sixpence? I shall certainly not pay sixpence for a flower. Here's threepence, and be satisfied!"

"But yer surely wouldn't grumble at treatin' me ter one as well? *Only* a tanner, nah! Come!"

She was pretty, and she could smile. It was a smile, moreover, of complete understanding and humour.

He felt in his pockets and pulled out a small handful of silver.

"If yer was to give me a bob," she said, sincerely, "I should fall dahn dead in me tracks."

He gave her a shilling, through sheer timeliness of suggestion.

"Thank yer," she said, with a break into joyousness. "U are a toff! I knew it the first moment I set eyes on yer."

And, mutually pleased, they departed their separate ways.

G. A.

West-End Crooks

SOME WORLDLY WISDOM FOR THE INNOCENT.

It is easier—so a deplorably large number of men seem to think— to live crookedly than straight, and that is why the West-End—not only its bars, as a great many scaremongers have suggested, but other entirely unsuspected places—is thronged with well-dressed men who have not done honest work or a straight action for years, if, indeed, in their lives.

I am not a moralist. I am not writing to descant on the wickedness of these people, but simply in order to prevent as many as possible of our readers from being defrauded by them.

The stage-struck youth or girl falls a frequent victim to one very plausible type of shark. He is exquisitely dressed, nothing at fault from his glossy top-hat to the toe of his brilliant patent leather boots. He is to be found just outside the doors of the theatrical agents' offices, near enough to hear the last words of the conversation as applicants are being ushered out. Then as they are descending the stairs or going along the street, the gorgeously attired shark accosts them, something after this fashion:

"HELPING" THE YOUNGSTER.

"Ah, excuse me, my dear sir, for stopping you, but I believe you want an interview with Mr. So-and-So?" (mentioning the agent's name). The other admits it, and is promptly asked what kind of part he wants to play. Probably he is a beginner, and shyly says he only wants a walk-on.

"Great Scot!" says the shark. "It's no good going to that agent then! He doesn't do *that* sort of business. Now I know the very man . . . " and so on.

The youngster falls into the lure, is introduced to a "dud" agent, and pays a big commission or booking-fee—of which of course, the introducing shark draws a fat proportion.

Another dastardly fraud, rather similar, is practised on Freemasons by Freemasons, the latter, of course, men whom most Freemasons would refuse to recognise. They stand outside the doors of West-End employment agencies and wait till likely applicants emerge.

ABUSING FREEMASONRY.

They then introduce themselves as Freemasons (a thing one is not supposed to do—but no matter).

The shark declares he knows the agent intimately; in fact a word from him will ensure a job. He suggests a drink, which is accepted. He asks the victim to meet him at a stated place next morning, when he will personally introduce him to the agent.

Then he suddenly discovers that he has no small change and the banks are closed. Can the other . . . *on the square* . . . just half a sovereign . . . until they meet in the morning? It is a bit of a wrench, but the half-sovereign is often forthcoming, and, of course, the crook fades from the lender's gaze for ever.

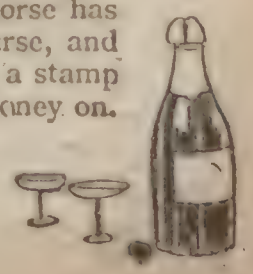
One could throw quite a small pebble from Piccadilly Circus against the plate-glass windows of a big public-house where some of the worst "nuts" in the West-End are wont to foregather. They call themselves "racing men," and their form of "racing" is the safest thing out.

THE HORSE THAT ALSO RAN.

Piccadilly Circus and the Haymarket by night is full of silly youngsters (for the crook specialises in the immature innocent) who want to see life but who would be much better in the gym, or reading a bit so as to add to the thirty bob a week or so they earn at the office. They go into the pub. in question—and others—where they meet sporting-looking persons who call them "sir," which pleases them, and whisper, after a while, that they've got an "absolute cert. for to-morrow's two o'clock."

They ask for the mug's address, and offer to put on some money for him, guessing, rightly enough in most cases, that he doesn't know how to do it himself. The horse has three legs and a swinger and finishes down the course, and even should it win, the sporting gent doesn't waste a stamp on his "client," for, of course, he hasn't put any money on.

D. HUTCHINSON.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SELBY PLAYS HIGH

By ADAM STERN.

A number of the guests had already retired to bed; some were just going; and a few men still sat or lounged near the fire in the big hall at Woodmanscroft, where Richard Selby was entertaining a numerous house-party.

"Anybody seen Selby lately?" asked Dickie Gillow, in a temporary lull, disturbed by the collapse of one of the blazing logs on the hearth.

"Can't say I have—not for half-an-hour or more."

"Seems to have disappeared."

"Generally does just about this hour. Don't you remember last night we wanted him for roulette, and he was nowhere visible? Came in afterwards, and after looking on for a bit, cleared off again."

"What to do?"

"Can't tell you. He's unconventional, to say the least of it. But, I say, it's hardly good enough to discuss him."

"There's nothing mysterious about the matter," put in Arthur Lyons, Selby's brother-in-law, who, indolent and debonair, half sat, half sprawled in a lounge chair, his feet resting on the massive wrought iron which flanked the hearth. "He's easing himself of our company for a while—he's taking the air—he has gone for a walk! We're all very nice, you know, and quite satisfying to him when he wants pleasure; but it isn't always that he does want pleasure. He lives on other things besides; not like ourselves. He wants *air!* You know what it is yourself when you feel stuffy——"

"Oh, draw it mild," said Dickie Gillow complainingly; "we're not quite so bad as that!"

"It's a perfectly unconscious obedience to instinct," continued Lyons, thoroughly enjoying his theme. "The man's got a big busy brain, with different departments, each one of which demands that he shall give it a fair amount of attention. We're only one of the departments. The rest he sees to when he takes his midnightly constitutional. If I'm not mistaken, it's his footstep we hear now."

From a side hall, Richard appeared, and came up, broad, strong, and leisurely. His head was bare; the only sign that he had been out was that he wore boots instead of slippers.

"Hail, nomad!" observed Lyons, idly. "Was the night-wind chill?"

"Passably," answered Richard, quite innocent of being trapped. "I've one of my gamekeepers down with pneumonia, and went along to see how he's progressing."

"And thus," said Lyons, pathetically, "is one of my illusions destroyed."

"How do you mean?"

"Nothing. Dull to explain, old chap. There's talk of roulette. Going to take a hand?"

"Not at present. Make a start yourselves, and I'll join in presently." Richard was the ideal man's host, inasmuch as he left every guest to do exactly as he liked. He drew up a chair and dropped into it unceremoniously, with, nevertheless, an abstracted glance which took in the curious eager light— the light of gambling—in young Dickie Gillow's eyes, and the pale, impassive look on the face of Dempster Fairlie, who stood a little way apart, tall and languid, audience of a trio who were telling stories amongst themselves.

There was a general move towards the smoking-room, Arthur Lyons alone remaining behind with Richard. He had his eyes half-closed, fixed with a sort of dreamy appreciation on the toes of his elevated patent-leather shoes.

Neither broke silence for several minutes, though, from the adjacent smoking-room could be heard the voices of the other men, indicating that the cloth was being laid out on the table, and the roulette-spinner being made ready.

"You'll take the bank, the same as last night, Fairlie."

"Just as you like. I'm quite indifferent."

"I think you'd better," in Dickie Gillow's voice. "We're keen for our revenge, you know."

"Very well."

And somebody shut the door.

Lyons turned his head deliberately, and looked at Richard—looked at him with steel-blue inquiring eyes, under a five-barred forehead; and Richard gave a brief nod.

"Dickie brought him down," he explained.

"Dickie's straight, Selby. I've known him since so high!"

"Yes, I agree with [illegible]. It's Fairlie who is [illegible] plucking; obviously [illegible] by his wits. I have [illegible] proved that he is [illegible] he may be merely a daring and lucky [illegible]. Any idea what Dickie is worth?"

"Only an allowance from his people; [illegible] ably not more than five hundred a year."

"M——m!"

"Think the youngster has lost much to him?"

"Probably. Impossible to tell. There is one matter, though, about which I feel strongly. There shall be no gambling in this house which is likely to prove disastrous to my friends—either to Dickie or to anybody else."

"What are you going to do, then? Warn Dickie?"

"Warn Fairlie. Dickie would only consider it my damned impertinence, and, what would be worse, he'd get his back up against taking the advice."

"Fairlie won't thank you."

"No," said Richard, succinctly. "He'll [illegible] object."

"What if we have made a mistake?"

"I shall make sure before I speak," said Richard. He stood up abruptly. "Going in to join them now? I've got to turn in to my study for an hour. Sha'n't be [illegible]."

"The strenuous commercial life again?" inquired Lyons, resuming his indolent pose. "No, I'm all right where I am. What an abundance of horse-energy you possess!—to start and swot in the middle of the night! Good job I'm not thin-skinned, Selby, or I should be perpetually under a sense of inferiority."

Richard paused to look down at him with a certain [illegible] of indulgent grimness. He had outstripped this [illegible] man in the past twelve months—had grown beyond [illegible] but there was still no change in the affectionate familiarity with which they treated each other.

"Great Scott! Arthur," he said, "if I didn't [illegible] hour now and then in the middle of these days of idl[illegible] should so scare the good people who are staying here [illegible] they'd never forgive me and never recover."

"What should you do?"

"I should make 'em work. Some on the land, [illegible] with the horses, some down at the works, chain-[illegible] Wouldn't they bless me! And, my word, wouldn't it [illegible] 'em up!"

"*Pas demi!*" agreed Lyons, and stretched luxuriously.

Richard strode away with a laugh.

It was about three-quarters of an hour afterwards that [illegible] looked up from his writing and saw that Dickie Gillow had entered the room.

The young man's face was unnaturally pale; his eyes were hard and bright; he was perfectly collected.

"Lyons told me I should find you here," he said.

"Yes, come in, old chap," said Richard. He [illegible] papers in the drawer of his desk. "Just this [illegible] finished," he added.

"I'm going away early in the morning, Selby, and thought I'd just look in and say good-bye to you."

"How early?" inquired Richard, without showing any surprise.

"There's a 6.20 train, I think."

"A sudden decision, rather, isn't it?"

"I've remembered that there's a particular appointment which I must keep. I—er—must go."

"Right ho," said Richard. "We needn't say good-bye now, because I shall be up. I'll drive you down to the station myself."

"It's awfully good of you, Selby. Thanks. Tell Miss Selby that I'm sorry I had to run away."

A silence.

"The other men finished?" inquired Richard, as he stood up.

"No! They're still at it."

"How's your luck been?"

"Rotten! Good-night, old man."

"Wait a bit! How much have you dropped to-night, Dickie?"

Dickie paused with his hand on the knob of the door, and looked at Selby with cold composure.

(*Continued on page 222.*)

What Do You Know About Business?

An Article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business. Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the Proprietor of any Business, large or small.

the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young this question may at first glance seem an insult. Such a one would answer, in an off-hand sort of way: "Why, I am *in* Business—I am a Business man. I all about Business—or I ought to do so."

, there's the rub! He *ought to do*. But does he? e put the same question to you.

ow much do *you* know about Business? Unless you a rare and brilliant exception—you will probably own a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little of sound Business knowledge that you really know—y and surely enough to bank on.

hout this Business knowledge your chances of for yourself in the business world are very poor ... With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire To.

It is only necessary to look around, to read the daily ers, to listen to the gossip of the day, to realise that in department of life into which intelligent men put sound owledge and ability and "sticking in" qualities are s so sure, so soon realised, and so lasting as in nd increasingly-important world of Business.

do *you* know about Business?

nce, do you understand Book-keeping ? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do stand exactly how the financial position of a or a firm is determined from his books? Do stand a profit and loss account? Do you know overy of book debts is barred?

o you know the law as it specially affects your own ular trade, business, or calling? Do you understand facturing of the goods you are concerned with the firm that employs you is concerned with? know anything at all about manufacturing? know how to figure depreciations? How to check Do you understand time-keeping systems?

do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet

ese Things are Business Knowledge.

Do you know much about the Income Tax? Do you ow Company Law? Do you know the cost of the ation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? you understand the conversion of shares into stock? you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you all about County Court Business Judgments, etc.? Do you understand clearly what a Bankruptcy definition Or what the goodwill of a business really means? you know about cheques and banking and bills of all ? Do you understand the difference between In- and Assurance?

u know how to start a Business? How to secure and to buy its equipment? How to organise ents, build up its reputation, collect its debts, profits?

know anything about big selling schemes? How e a demand for any special article? How to meet ition? Do you understand the mail order business? how to hire and to coach and to deal with salesmen? Do you know anything about advertising? Would you how to engineer separately a national advertising al and a local appeal?

Yet these matters are Business Knowledge. And if you to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business day.

Now what are you to do?

You must get the "Business Encyclopædia."

You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition. If you are young the use of the "Business Encyclopædia" makes you proficient in

The Knowledge that is Your Stock-in-Trade.

If you are older, its use gives you the confidence founded on sound information, to enable you to act on your own business ideas.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

SPORT AND MUSCLE.

WHICH SPORT IS BEST FOR THE PHYSICAL CULTURIST?

Those readers who seek my advice frequently make inquiries as to what sports I advocate for the student of Physical Culture.

Nearly every sport helps to make the muscles larger, more supple, and to improve the general condition of bodily health; but probably the two best that come within the means of every man are swimming and long-distance walking.

By joining a swimming club, you can practise at the public baths at a very small cost, and swimming not only exercises every muscle of the body, but it also demands accurate co-ordination of movement between the various muscles and the nerve centres.

Thus it makes the body not only stronger, but also more graceful, for it teaches you to move your limbs together easily and without conscious effort.

It is one of the finest exercises for giving the brain thorough control of the muscles, and this control is as essential as is the healthy condition of the muscles themselves.

As for walking, it is not necessary to say much in its praise, for it is now the ground work in the training of practically every man engaged in any competition which demands physical endurance. As a producer of stamina, it is unrivalled.

All sports, however, and especially those which are enjoyed in the open air, are of great value to the Physical Culturist, and he should go in for whatever sport comes in his way.

In fact, a man who has never taken any interest in sport, will generally adopt it after his muscular condition has been made sound by a systematic course of physical culture.

The muscles, being healthy and vigorous, demand an outlet for their energy, and this they find in sport, as well as in the daily work.

A BALANCING EXERCISE.

AN EXERCISE WHICH SOLDIERS PRACTISE.

The exercise which I give this week is not so much intended to produce size of muscle—though it may be made to do that also—as to give you perfect command of the muscles you now possess.

Like swimming, which I have been discussing above, this exercise demands that the mind and the muscles shall work in perfect harmony.

This exercise improves the carriage, and makes you look your best.

It improves the carriage, and removes all awkwardness of movement.

Stand erect, with the hands lightly resting on the hips, and the chest well out.

Now raise the left foot from the ground, and draw the left heel as far back as you can, keeping the toe pointing downwards, and also keeping both legs perfectly straight.

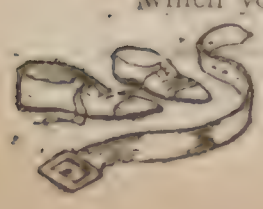
Slowly return the left foot to its first position.

Then perform the exercise with the right foot.

While doing this exercise, you will find a temptation to let the body incline forward, but this must not be allowed; you must keep the body perfectly erect.

You will also find a tendency to bend the knee of the leg which you are raising from the ground; you must keep it perfectly straight.

Also beware of hollowing the back too much.



If you perform the exercise properly, you will find that while the leg is well pressed back, considerable strain is placed upon the muscles of the thigh. By tensing these muscles hard at the point where this strain is felt, you can turn the exercise into a powerful muscle-creator.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

B. H. G. (Brighton).—Probably your lack of endurance is due to your ordinary diet. Try eating the same things as other people for a while, and watch the result.

R. W. B. (London).—There is no reason to suppose your doctor was wrong in his statement that there is nothing serious the matter with you. Follow those exercises which can be practised without undue strain, and avoid what disagrees with you.

"ROUND" (Ipswich).—To get rid of round shoulders practise those exercises which I have already given for the chest and shoulder muscles, and carry yourself well when walking. The best cure for what you term "protruding shoulder blades" is to cover them with a good layer of muscle.

H. R.—Three cigarettes a day is a very moderate allowance, and will do you no harm. You ask whether drug-taking has a beneficial effect on the brain as well as on the body. All exercises that benefit the body necessarily benefit the brain.

B. W. C. (Chelsea).—The only cure for a slightly weak heart is to give it as much rest as possible. Knock off strenuous exercise for a while, and you will soon be right again.

D. W. (Cardiff).—Better try one of the Ambrose Wilson magneto belts; their effect in such cases as yours has been remarkably good.

F. H. S. (Birmingham).—Porridge is a thoroughly good some article of diet, but it should not be the only take for the morning meal. Porridge is digested quickly, and, if nothing else has been eaten, a feeling of emptiness will be experienced before the hour for the mid-day meal.

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Unanimous Opinion of hundreds of readers (as per letters received).
"Just what we wanted."

The remarkable enthusiasm shown by readers of THE MODERN MAN, and readers of other magazines in connection with the splendid reception accorded by my great 1,000-guinea prize scheme, has more than repaid me for the time and thought expended on the idea.

Since it was first announced I have been inundated by such a mass of correspondence and inquiries that it has really been impossible to answer in full to the countless questions which have been raised, and the simple expedient has been adopted referring inquirers to the printed list of simple conditions.

It has "caught on," as the saying goes, in a manner which has surprised me very much, although I confidently anticipated a warm reception.

Let me urge those who have not yet received particulars and booklet, describing whichever of my courses must appeal to you to write AT ONCE. The conditions represent simplicity itself.

You may compete in one of five sections—improvement in physical development—eradication of physical defects or ailments—successes at sports or games—weight-lifting successes—and finally a cash prize on an interesting basis rising on a graduated scale to £100.

The first prize—valued at

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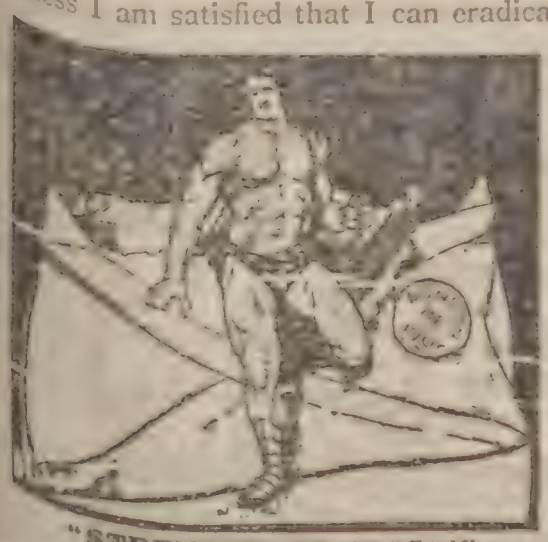
represents an original idea, and something new in the way of offers to physical culturists. The whole idea strikes a note of originality, and gold, silver, and bronze medals, cups and trophies galore are listed until the total prizes reach over 800 in number and over £1,100 in value. These prizes are being gradually added to, and it is confidently expected that they will eventually reach 1,000 in number and between and over £1,200 in value.

All you have to do is to fill in this special coupon printed on this page and post to me. Do not delay—your health means everything to you, whether you realise it or not. I shall not undertake your case unless I am satisfied that I can eradicate any ailment



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MUNSTER HOUSE,
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or physical defect that you may be suffering from, such as indigestion, constipation, obesity, round shoulders, flat chest, heart or lung weakness, nervous troubles, insomnia, etc.

In forwarding my booklet, I will tell you frankly whether I think I can satisfactorily treat your case or not. Select whichever booklet interests you most, and fill in the name of same on the coupon.

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No. 1. Health Course. (For sedentary workers—gives good development, &c.) **"Health at Home."**

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I am a reader of MODERN MAN and suffer from the following physical defects or ailments (here fill in any trouble or defect you have)

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In forwarding your booklet, &c., please state if you can undertake my case and guarantee satisfaction. It is understood that I am under no obligation in forwarding you this coupon.

Name.....

Write plainly. Address.....

.....

Date.....

THOMAS INCH,

Physical Culture Expert (Dept. M.M.),

Munster House, 676 and 676a, Fulham Road, Fulham, LONDON, S.W.

SELBY PLAYS HIGH. *(Continued from page 218.)*

"That's neither here nor there," he said, and opened the door as Richard crossed towards him.

He flinched as a hand pressed firmly on his shoulder. Richard pulled him round good-humouredly, and stared into his face with quizzical inspecting kindness.

"Think I'm blind, Dickie?" he said.

Dickie strove to pull away, his body on the quiver, the mask of white self-control giving way to the red flush of shame.

"I won't answer any questions," he said, through his teeth, "and I don't want any sympathy."

"You'll answer me this one question. And if you don't, I'll thump your quixotic head. What amount exactly has Dempster Fairlie fleeced you of? Yes, *fleeced*, Dickie! It's no good struggling. Look at me for a moment."

There rang in Richard's voice the steady strength of command which weaker men invariably obeyed.

He went on, as Gillow looked:

"I shall chuck Fairlie out neck and crop if you don't answer. And you won't like that, because, after all, he came down under the shadow of your wing. You must drop the man, Dickie. And, now, what is the full figure?"

"Two thousand and some odd hundreds."

"In cash, or I.O.U.'s?"

"Mostly I.O.U.'s."

"How long has it taken him to get that much out of you?"

"Only about six weeks," and Dickie gave a short, bitter laugh. "Good-night again, old man. It's good of you to worry about me, but it's rather a waste of time."

"I don't think so," said Richard, quietly. "Go to bed now, lad, and get some sleep. You'll wake up feeling differently about it to-morrow. I'll come in and fish you out myself."

He shook the lad's hand with a strong grip, and smiled at him, clapping him on the shoulder, as he went out.

Then he stood thoughtfully for a few moments.

He opened a safe in the cabinet, and extracted some gold and a sheaf of papers which crackled. Then he went downstairs.

The smoking-room was hazy and close; and, except for Arthur Lyons, who stood looking on and occasionally chancing an odd half-sovereign, the men were all intent on the game, seated on either side of an oblong table, with Dempster Fairlie at the top, still holding the bank, and cool and imperturbable as ever.

Gold and notes in profusion were piled at his elbow, and it was evident that he had been winning heavily.

"Oh, here you are, Selby!" said Lyons, turning round. "Coming to have a packet at the fortress? Fairlie, up to the present has been entrenched in an impregnable position."

"What limit are you playing?"

"Gone beyond it. Forget what was originally fixed. A pound on the numbers, I fancy, and anything up to a tenner on the smaller chances."

"But now practically limitless, eh?" Richard looked pleasantly at Fairlie with the question, and Fairlie replied: "I think it is only fair to give them a chance to redeem their losses. I've been almost embarrassingly fortunate."

"Just so," said Richard, fixing his cigar in the corner of his mouth and drawing up a chair beneath him.

The wheel was set spinning, and Richard backed a coup of rouge, impasse, middle dozen, and 21 (a red number) with fivers and a sovereign. Lost—and repeated till he won.

Twenty-one came up at the third attempt.

He played without apparent method, backing heavily, and luck favoured him, inasmuch as within a quarter of an hour he had won nearly two hundred pounds.

"If this goes on, Fairlie," he observed, cheerfully, "I shall break you."

"Don't spare me," rejoined Fairlie, with quick busyness of fingers, as he paid out a coup and spun the wheel again.

"If I do break you," continued Richard, "I'll take the bank myself, and give you a chance to riddle *me!*"

"Very good. Agreed!"

And Richard, while the ball was rolling, placed a sovereign on number 4 and a ten-pound note on passe and noir, winning fifty-five pounds in a hand.

"No limit?" he inquired of Fairlie, with an eyebrow raised challengingly.

"None. So long as the bank is solvent"—and it was without a flicker of a muscle on either face that twenty pounds was left on "black" and "even," number 4 being covered once again, this time with a neat heap of sovereigns.

Four came up for the second time.

Richard changed his tactics, placing simply a hundred pounds on rouge, while he lit another cigar.

The colour won, and he let the stake and winnings remain. Again it won, and four hundred pounds was left, filling the rouge square on the cloth.

For the third time consecutively "red" won.

"I'll leave the lot on red, if you like," said Richard, with his cigar stuck firmly in the left corner of his mouth and his unreadable eyes on Fairlie.

"Certainly. Though if you win I shall have reached the end of the ready, and it will have to be paper for the future."

Fairlie very furtively licked his lips.

The other men had backed in small sums, but all were concentrated on the square of cloth which held in banknotes eight hundred pounds.

Slowly and more slowly the wheel revolved. Fairlie's eyes were riveted on it; Arthur Lyons observed his jaw-bone grind as the ball at last clicked into a slot.

"Thirty-six, red," said Fairlie, in a level voice, and with fingers not immaculately steady he proceeded to collect the remnant of his capital in front of him.

There was a hundred and fifty pounds short, for which he wrote an I.O.U. Then for a moment he displayed a slight uncertainty.

"It would be interesting," he said, "to see if red would come up again."

"It would," said Richard; and they looked at each other with glances that met and clung like sword-blades.

"Then," said Fairlie, "*shall* we see? Make it a final spin; I fear the hour is growing unconscionably late. Sixteen hundred pounds wagered on red!—in other words, a sporting double or quits?"

"Done!" said Richard.

And again, in a closer silence, the ball rattled and jigged; and Fairlie stood up and watched it, and Richard, half abstracted, watched it too; and Arthur Lyons, standing behind, smiled gently with his thoughts.

"Seventeen, red!"

"Again," said Richard, and he pushed back his chair, picking up the one I.O.U. that Fairlie had given him, but leaving the other money where it lay.

Fairlie wrote out the second I.O.U., and gave it to him.

Later that night Selby visited his bedroom.

"It might have been successful with me, too," observed Richard drily, "but you doubtless noticed that I was backing the very numbers which, by a clever contrivance, you were able to have running for the bank whenever you liked."

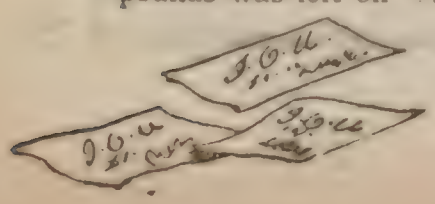
Fairlie changed colour a little.

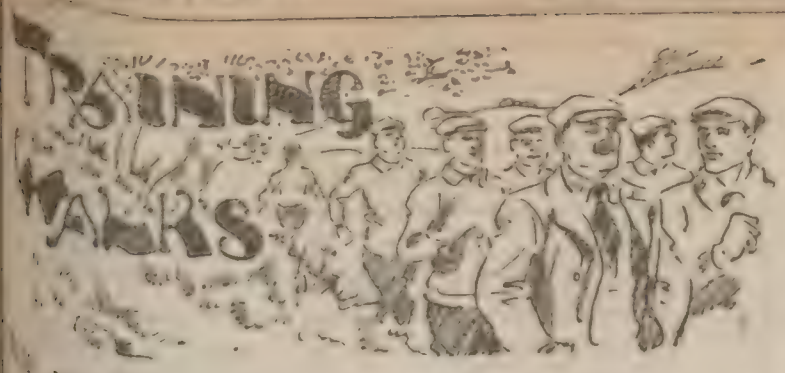
"What do you mean?" he asked.

"If you will kindly bring out the roulette board—the one *you* brought with you—I shall be pleased to make my meaning still more plain . . . Ah, I see you can do without a demonstration. Well, let me tell you, then, Mr. Fairlie, that I have somewhat keen eyes, and the manner in which, by pressing a tiny needle, you were able to lower certain slots a trifle, so that the ball would, with tolerable certainty, either plump into one or the other, was quite visible. I shall be much obliged if you will hand me Mr. Gillow's I.O.U.'s and save further trouble. Your own will be given in exchange . . . Thanks.

"There is a train at 6.20 in the morning, Mr. Fairlie. A conveyance will be ready for you."

[Another of these stories will appear shortly.—EDITOR.]





MOST TIRING PART OF PREPARATION FOR SPORT.

Most people, when they hear that an athlete is devoting most of his training hours to country walks, are apt to think rather contemptuously that the athlete in question is shirking hard work; but any such idea is erroneous.

If you were to go to a trainer, say, of boxers, and ask him to undertake your preparation, he would probably start by turning you out for early morning walks. But, oh, such walks! At the end of the first one your chest would be working like a pair of bellows, and your legs would be pretty nearly ready to give way under you, and you would realise that walking, as practised for training, is a totally different thing from ordinary dawdling, pleasure strolls, or even racing walks.

WALKING MAKES YOU FIT.

The trainer's object in making you walk is to benefit, first of all, your wind and your endurance. Secondly, he wants to harden the muscles of your legs and trunk. Thus he gives you "extending walks," in the same way as a race-horse trainer gives his charges a "striding gallop."

He insists on your taking long, regular strides; in fact, stretching your legs to the utmost. In this way every muscle of the legs and trunk is brought into strenuous play, and the action of your being made to walk "fair heel-and-toe," your feet and ankles are energetically exercised.

It is certain that on the morning following your first training walk, your body will be one vast ache, and this by no means enviable condition of things will continue for at least four or five days, after which time your muscles will have grown reconciled to the additional strain, and will cease to show their resentment in that way.

GRACE OF MOVEMENT.

Style is one of the greatest factors in successful training-walking, for any trainer will tell you that grace of movement is almost indispensable to muscular development. Take two men of equal physical proportions and ability, but one of whom has better style in his action, that man will assuredly "train on" better than the other.

Walking style can be said to consist chiefly of a free but erect carriage of the body. A slouching, forward bend of the trunk detracts from speed, instead of adding to it, as some people imagine.

An easy swing of the legs from the thighs is equally necessary, and both should work as far as possible along the same straight line. Of course, this makes for speed by reason of the fact that no ground is wasted, but it is not entirely for this that the trainer insists on it, but because the action of swinging along the same line with an easy, regular movement of the thighs is an extraordinary strengthener to the latter. Try it systematically and see.

THE ARMS BENEFIT.

Do not neglect your arms when on a training-walk. Let your shoulders swing easily with your legs, taking your arms, which should be bent, with them. If you like, you can carry a running-cork in each hand, for this will be of assistance in strengthening your forearms. Many people imagine that walking cannot benefit the arms, but this is an error.

Training-walks should be graduated. It stands to reason that when you are out of condition, you should not do too much, even of walking, which is Nature's own exercise. Do, say, three miles striding walk every day for the first week; then increase the distance gradually to a maximum of seven or eight.

If you want to get your fat down wear an overcoat, or a couple of them.

Finally, the first two or three walks should be taken on the flat, but as fitness increases, you should alter your route so as to meet one or two hills on the road.

T. B. PATEMAN.

DEW-CLAWS.

Whatever may be said for or against docking dogs' tails, it is certain that dew-claws should always be removed when found on a puppy, for otherwise they will be a source of trouble, and even suffering, to him later on.

We don't know what causes dew-claws, but they are extra rudimentary and useless digits, and are found on the inner side of the leg, a little higher up than the other claws.

Their removal is quite simple, provided it is done immediately after birth. With a pair of scissors snip the dew-claw off as close to the skin as possible. The slight wound will usually heal without any trouble and without leaving any mark.

The removal of a dew-claw in a grown dog, however, is a matter for a veterinary surgeon.

MOLASSINE DAY.

We are asked to announce that Wednesday, October 25, will be "Molassine" day at the Festival of Empire, and the Kennel Club Show, Crystal Palace.

Buyers of Molassine Food are invited to visit the Palace on that day at the expense of the Molassine Company, Limited, who, in exchange for vouchers showing the purchase of 1lb. and upwards of their foods between certain dates, are posting tickets admitting free both to the Festival of Empire and to the Kennel Club Show on that date.

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MORE MEMBERS.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of The Modern Man *League. The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list.*

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G. SIMMONS, Royal Oak Hotel.

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ST. NEOTS.
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(To be continued.)

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

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Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable).....	1s. 4½d., post free
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Sporting Stories

HE DIDN'T WANT ALL OF IT.

Bill Bruiser's second was having a trouble with him, for in the round Bill's head had hit the floor with a tremendous whack which all but him out. The other man was a too good; and the second saw the only thing to do was to endeavour Bill as much as possible.

The gong went for the next round, and Bill tottered feebly into the centre of the ring.

Biff! His ribs got in the way of the other man's right, the left fist smote him on the nose, and the next moment he was sailing through the ropes as gracefully as an aeroplane. He picked himself up slowly and made for the dressing-rooms.

"Ere! What the x x x ! ! ! ? Come back, Bill!" called the second. "You ain't 'alf beaten yet."

The boxer's twisted mouth curled in a wan smile. "All right," he said. "You can 'ave the other 'alf."

NOT THE QUESTION.

The agitated actor-manager had called a rehearsal (he had told all the company to hear how nicely he said his lines), and everybody had turned up except the leading lady.

Thinking she might have come in by the front to avoid a crowd of admirers at the stage-door (one laundry woman wanted her money) the actor-manager dashed into the front. To him appeared the business-manager.

"Where's Ena Splashwell?" asked the A.-M.

"Oh," said the other, "I think she's round behind."

"I know it," said the A.-M. "But what I asked was: Where is she?"

A SHOOTING TALE.

"The Man Who Knew had not been talking very long before Archibald FitzFootler before a conviction became fixed in his mind that Archibald knew nothing about the subject in question—namely, shooting.

"Ah—yes," said Archibald, trying to appear indifferent.

"You are obviously used to the driven bird," said the Man Who Knew. "Personally I prefer shooting over dogs. Have you ever shot over dogs?"

Archibald was not going to be beaten.

"Rather!" he said, proudly. "I've shot over twenty of them in one week!"

Then he wondered why the other said it looked a bit like rain.

TOO TOO.

The man in the street rushed up to the first sportsman who came out of the ground where the Smokedale Saracens had been playing Coalport County.

"What's the result?" he asked.

"One-one," answered the other tersely.

The first speaker looked nettled.

"I 'spose so," he said, "but which was it?"

BOW! WOW!

It was another of these Triangular—Eternal Triangular—affairs, only the difference was that none of them were married. It was this way: Tom loved Miriam, Miriam did not love Tom, and Muriel did. But, alas, Tom did not reciprocate.

Well, Tom had persuaded Miriam to sit out a dance with him in the conservatory, unaware that Muriel was listening behind a screen. (There always is a screen in these cases, you know.)

"Now," "Miriam, if you don't marry me, I shall go to the dogs."

VOICE FROM BEHIND THE SCREEN: "Bow! wow!"

THE LAW AND BILLIARDS.

AN ABSURD RESTRICTION.

The law is a bit of a "hass" in regard to billiards as in other directions.

One great absurdity is the fact that although, if you are staying at an hotel or inn, you may have as many drinks as you like after closing hours, yet you must not play a game of billiards after the front door is shut.

The purpose of this restriction it would be hard to discover, but so far no one has troubled to petition for its removal.

It is the Gaming and Wagering Act of 1845 which regulated billiard playing, and the precise wording of Section 13 may interest you. It runs as follows:

"Every person keeping any public billiard-table, or bagatelle-board, or instrument used in any game of the like kind, whether he be the holder of a victualler's licence or licensed under this Act, who shall allow any person to play at such table, board, or instrument, after one or before eight of the clock of the morning of any day, or at any time on Sunday, Christmas Day, or Good Friday, or any day appointed to be kept as a public fast or thanksgiving, and every person holding a victualler's licence who shall allow any person to play at such table, board, or instrument kept on the premises specified in such victualler's licence at any time when such premises are not allowed by law to be open for the sale of wine, spirits, or beers, or other fermented or distilled liquors, shall be liable to the penalties herein provided in the case of persons keeping such public billiard-table, bagatelle-board, or instrument as aforesaid for public use without licence; and during these times when play at such table, board, or instrument is not allowed by this Act, every house licensed under this Act, and every billiard-room in every house specified in any victualler's licence shall be closed, and the keeping of the same open or allowing any person to play therein or thereat, at any of the times or on any of the days during which such play is not allowed by this Act, shall be deemed in each case an offence against the tenor of the licence of the person so offending."

Whew!

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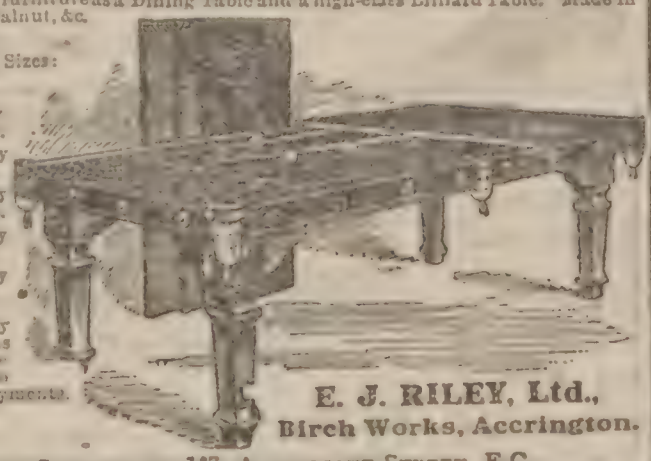

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AN EXPERIMENT FOR OBTAINING A TRUER BUSINESS PERSPECTIVE.

It would do every business man a lot of good if he would make a practice, now and then, of remaining behind in the office when all the rest of the staff had gone home, and be himself was the sole occupant of the place. To the over-anxious man—the man who carries business worries with him to and from his home just as he carries his umbrella—the experience would act as a kind of tonic and yet as a refresher.

With rows of unoccupied stools before him, with desks abandoned to the tender mercies of the charwoman whose steps will soon be heard on the steps, and with books tidily piled upon the shelves, business will wear a much bewildering look than when everything is full steam ahead with every man at his post.

He will have forced upon him that, after all, business is but half of life, that all work is only the means whereby a man may begin to live. Henceforth he will realise that with a little easy-going philosophy business will progress just as well.

He will also think in a very different way of the men who, by day, fill all the vacant places. He will recall their features, their voices, the clothes they wear, and he will wonder where they have all gone and why they are not grinding away at figures, typewriters, letters, or documents; and it will dawn upon him that all men have distinct characteristics, that they are all different in great variety of interesting ways.

Hitherto the mention of Brown has simply been another name for Brown's cash book. When Jones has been mentioned it has been only another name for the daily order book.

Now, however, these and others step out of their commercial shells and appear before his mind's eye as men. And to his horror he can hardly recall the features of half of his clerks, so entirely have their personalities been lost in their departmental duties.

The realisation of these things is certain to have an effect upon the atmosphere of his office thereafter, and it will make that office a much more attractive place. The great curse of modern business is its identification of a man with his mechanical work. It is soul-destroying for those concerned.

B. R.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the knowledge of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions expressed.—EDITOR.)

THE MARKETS.

Stock markets have been good during the week.

Consols have been particularly strong, chiefly, I think, on purchases by the small investor, through the agency of the Post Office.

Home Rails have had their fair share of the week's rise, but one of the stocks to show the greatest rise is the Preferred stock of the Great Northern, and the dividend outlook for the half-year is very promising.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

Trunks have had a good rise during the week, as have Argentines, and I think the various stocks of the former will go much better.

The stocks of the old Mexican Railway Company and the Mexican National Railways have been the feature, and knowing people are predicting further substantial rises in all Mexican concerns now that the Presidential election is over.

AMERICANS.

These have been galvanised into life at last, and if the rise did not quite hold, still the fact remains that the market is on the move, which is ever so much better, "win or lose," than practically no market at all.

MINES.

These show very little change; but the shares of the Ida H. Company ought to be bought on the 30 per cent. dividend just declared; the present price is about 10s. per 5s. share.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

S. S. (Bridgend).—In my opinion quite safe and suitable for your purpose.

C. S.—(1) I should think about ⅞. (2) Yes. (3) No.

P. R. (Tisbury).—Far too speculative.

H. H. (Hawick).—There seems little chance of a dividend at present, but the company appears to have plenty of good assets, and I should advise a little more patience.

K. B. (Sheffield).—I look upon them as a hopeful speculative lock-up.

D. D. (Carnarvon).—Outlook very uncertain. I do not advise averaging.

J. L. (Carshalton).—The 9s. paid share is quoted about 5s. to 5s. 6d. I should wait until next month, when they will be fully-paid, before purchasing.

H. D. (Belfast).—You can only wait for the result of the police prosecution in Birmingham. I am afraid that your money is irretrievably lost.

O. D. (Tingwall).—Leave them severely alone.

G. D. (Cookham).—In my opinion you could scarcely do better.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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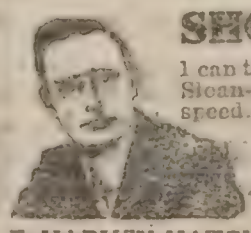

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. . . Generally speaking, the delicate work of Marketing Ability can be best left to Hapgoods. One side of our large Organisation is devoted to this work—the other being devoted to the finding of men of special ability for Employers. We deal only with High-Grade Men capable of filling positions carrying salaries of £150 to £1,000 per annum. If you are such a man, write us to-day—or call.

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When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. R. (Glasgow).—A wing collar is by no means compulsory with evening dress; wear any form of single collar that suits you, but avoid, of course, double collars with evening toggery.

C. G. MEADER, (Sturminster Newton) would like to meet a local reader fond of long walks.

W. E. (Fulham).—Better advertise.

R. C. J. (Liverpool).—You could probably remove the spur marks from your brown boots with benzine, but why trouble? They are relics of your last camp, and bring back pleasant memories.

L. J. H. (Bayswater).—Chilblains are generally due to the blood being out of order. Get it right by fresh air and exercise.

W. T. (Nottingham).—We made a searching investigation of Mr. Thomas Inch's methods just over a year ago, at his request, and we found that his system is a thoroughly sound one, and that close personal attention is given by Mr. Inch to every pupil. You may place yourself in his hands with implicit confidence.

C. H. (Seacombe).—Many thanks for persuading your newsagent to exhibit our poster. This is a form of appreciation for which we are most grateful. We shall see that he receives one regularly. But why did you not send us your full name and address? We like to know to whom we are indebted for such favours.

R. C. (Dublin) informs us that, "when he sings a trembling sensation comes over him; his legs begin to shake, and, in fact, he has to stand on one leg to try and prevent it." He does not say whether "it" refers to the trembling or the singing. He wants a cure. He appears to be suffering from ordinary nervousness, which will disappear with practice—providing his friends will allow him to practise.

R. G. (Morley).—The advertisement columns of the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Daily Chronicle" are the best to consult for advertised vacancies for clerks.

T. M. (Scarborough).—The offer seems tempting, but the engine may be worn out. Get someone who knows about motor-cycles to examine the machine before you buy it.

J. C. (Shoreham).—Shoes are not so good as boots for long distance walking. They do not support the ankles and they allow the dust to get at the stockings.

C. R. W. (Walsall) writes: "Referring to your note on preceding a lady when taking her through a crowd, I was walking in front of a lady the other day, and she had a valuable hatpin purloined. This is one disadvantage of preceding a lady in a crowd." It might have been worse. If you had been behind her you might have got the valuable hatpin in the eye.

P. M. T. (Tredegar).—A kit bag will probably suit you best. Get a big one, and have it on approval, so that you can change it if you don't like it.

C. C. (Birkenhead).—We have already stated that the best way of getting rid of the blushing habit is to mix more with people. It is usually due to self-consciousness.

R. H. P. (Richmond).—It is useless for you to apply for admission to the London Fire Brigade unless you have been a seaman.

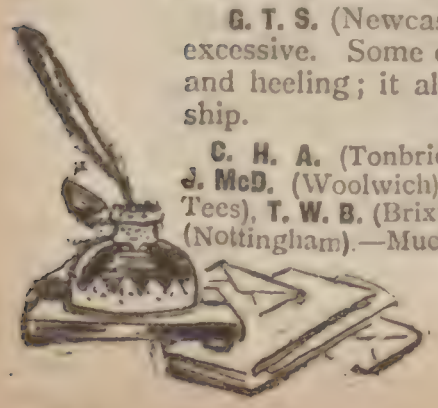
J. D. (Chester).—You will find the sort of illustrations you ask for in the Catalogue of Masculine Fashions issued by Messrs. J. Piggott, Ltd., 117, Cheapside, London, E.C. Ask for their List 133. They will send it without charge if you mention THE MODERN MAN.

T. F. (Aberdeen).—Don't go in for a diamond ring unless you can live up to it. The possessor of such a luxury is expected to spend lavishly in other directions as well.

E. E. W. (Belfast).—Get hold of all the drill books you can and study them. Everyone finds drill a bit difficult at first.

G. T. S. (Newcastle).—Your bootmaker's charge was not excessive. Some charge as much as six shillings for soleing and heeling; it all depends on the material and workmanship.

C. H. A. (Tonbridge), **E. E.** (Swalwell), **H. V. H.** (Cambridge), **J. McD.** (Woolwich), **H. F.** (Sutton-on-Sea), **G. C. L.** (Stockton-on-Tees), **T. W. B.** (Brixton), **A. W.** (Alberta), **S. B.** (Guildford), **W. J. H.** (Nottingham).—Much obliged.



BILLIARDS AT HOME.

The possession of a billiard table in one's house is a great acquisition. During the winter evenings it is a source of never-ending entertainment and enjoyment. Two objections to this pleasant state of things present themselves to the man with the medium-size house: there is first the question of space, and second that of cost.

How far these two objections have been answered by Messrs. E. J. Riley, Limited, Accrington, by supplying their miniature billiard tables, may be judged by the fact that there are hundreds of these small tables to-day in use that are anything but pretentious in other respects.

The reason for the popularity of these tables is clear. Whatever size a room may be, there is a Riley table made to fit it, and the system of easy payments corresponds to suits the average man's pocket; in short, he plays while he pays.

Besides the miniature table, another excellent form is the combined billiard and dining table; by removing the top, a dining table is easily transformed into a billiard table.

A postcard addressed to E. J. Riley, Limited, Birch Works, Accrington, will bring full particulars of tables and sundries.

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Are you sure that you know your Greatest Faculty and your Smallest Fault?

You will not succeed, progress according to your ... or ever do your ownself justice, until you know *all* ... ties and talents and *all* your faults, as revealed ... your own writing. My offer is not fortune-telling or ... upon superstition. I am ready to render you real help, and will tell you candidly and unreservedly all that your writing reveals to me. My work is scientific, and I claim nothing but what those to whom I have been useful claim for me. What I shall reveal to you will surprise you—I do assert that, given a few lines of a man's or a woman's writing, I know that man or woman better than they do themselves. I am ready to show you how to gain certain success in all you undertake, how to become strong mentally and physically.

I will send you a complimentary copy of my book, "The Scientific Elimination of Failure," together with your ... ter analysis. I make no personal charge, and only ask you to enclose ten penny stamps to cover my own actual costs and expenses. If you have your future at heart, write to me as soon as you possibly can. Address your letter to

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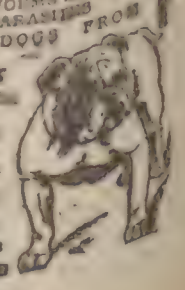
THEY AID DIGESTION
KEEP DOGS HEALTHY AND THEIR COATS AND SKINS IN FINE CONDITION
ERADICATE WORMS AND ALL INTERNAL PARASITES
PREVENT DOGS FROM EMITTING UNPLEASANT ODOURS

Free from Drugs or Medicaments of any kind



MOLASSINE MEAL gives Horses Stamina

TAKING THE KICK

FACTS AND STORIES OF "FREES" AND "PENALTIES."

By J. St. C. Jolly, of the Queen's Park (Glasgow) Amateurs.

In a big League match a little earlier in the present season, a rather tricky piece of work was seen in the matter of a free kick. One of the backs was apparently going to take the kick. He had been in the position of the goal-keeper and various other details showed a carefully comprehensive study, and he started to run to-wards the ball; but just as he reached it, he smartly hopped on one side, and passed to another member of his team who had been near him, and who made a quick shot, a ruse which was successful in beating the custodian.

CHELSEA FINESSE.

There are a good many tricks known to footballers especially the professional variety, in this connection—and together with some general hints on taking free and penalty kicks, I will endeavour to set down here.

One of the Chelsea forwards is an adept at pretending to kick the ball with one foot and in reality kicking it with the other. He shapes at it as though to boot it with the left, but at the last moment when the goalkeeper has made every preparation for a kick in one direction, the player jumps aside and puts in a hard left-foot shot in an entirely different part of the goal.

The French are pretty good footballers, but there are one or two things they have to learn, and one of these is a knowledge of the rules of the game. They are especially liable to be faulty in the matter of penalty kicks; indeed, a true story hinges on this tendency.

A FRENCHMAN'S ERROR.

It was in an amateur match last season at Richmond between an English and a French eleven, and the visitors were awarded a penalty kick. A Gallic forward took it, and in this way: He ran up to the ball, gave it a smart down-ward tap so as to make it bounce, lifted it up, and headed it into goal; but he was frightfully sore when there was a shrill whistle from the referee, and that suffering official, more in sorrow than in anger, pointed out the rule that "... the ball must be kicked forward . . . and shall not again be played by the kicker until it has been played by another player."

In other words this rule is framed to ensure that the ball shall be kicked, and that no hanky-panky shall be played with it after the manner described.

Here is a hint that may be useful. Always follow up your penalty kick immediately. Rush up to the goalkeeper, and be on to him the instant he has played the ball. Even if your shot doesn't score, it may so trouble the custodian as to make him fumble it and give you a chance of putting it in again.

SIDE KICKS OR LOW?

Some kickers believe in a high kick into one corner of the net, but in my own humble opinion, this is hardly wise, because there is so much danger of the shot going over the bar instead of under it. A kick low into one corner is, to my mind, much better, but, of course, circumstances alter cases.

A good player must always be ready to adapt himself to circumstances.

There is not so much to say about free kicks, for they are given in all parts of the field, and they hardly ever directly lead to the scoring of goals.

Penalty-kickers, very often, in fact mostly, rush straight up to the ball; but variety can be infused into one's shots by keeping the goalkeepers puzzled by standing a little on one side and running in a semi-circle at the ball. Many players who do this, kick it with the inside of the foot just above the ankle.

J. St. C. Jolly.

STANDING STILL

Out hunting, the secret of seeing most sport lies often in knowing when to stand still. This applies even to the man on a horse, but much more so to the "foot person."

In otter-hunting the man or woman who stands still directly the horn or the holloa gives notice that the quarry is afloat will see most of the sport, and will run no risk of spoiling it, as do those who rush from one place to the other with the idea of viewing the otter.

The man who stands still when hounds are drawing or running towards him will run no risk of heading a fox, and a hunted hare will pass between the legs of a stationary human being since she is always looking behind her.

At a check everybody should stand still, mounted or unmounted. Only the hounds should move, until the hunts-man begins to cast them, and even then the field should remain motionless until they hit off the line or fail to recover it, and move off to draw afresh.

WILLIAM BARNES, FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT and FOOTBALL TOTALISATOR,
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Kindly mention this paper.

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HAVE BEEN LAID AND PAID on October 7.
ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO ONE SHILLING,
This fortunate client, Mr. Albert Hobden, 8, Guildford Street, Brighton, having predicted four scores successfully.
£1,000 will be paid to any Charity if not **GENUINE.**
Full particulars will be sent on receipt of a postcard.
If you mention this paper, we will also send you a sample packet **FREE OF COST** of our famous Football Whiff Cigarettes.
Letters should not bear postmark later than 2 p.m. on Saturday.
Every Match to choose from in the 4 Leagues except Scottish Queen's Park.
Lotinga's Weekly, on October 14th, says:—"White, Fisher, and Co., the world's premier Football Accountants, are undoubtedly one of the most up-to-date firms of modern times."
The Editor of the *Racing Judge*, October 7th, says: "A friend tells us that one of the sights of Basle, Switzerland, is the arrival of White, Fisher & Co.'s mail every Sunday. This well-known firm of Football Accountants has been established for fifteen years, and the magnitude of their business speaks well for their methods."

THE SPORTING TIMES
Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."
SMARTER AND MORE AMUSING THAN EVER.
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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

OVERCOAT EDGES.

In the case of unlined overcoats, how should the edge be finished off at the bottom? The usual way is to have the cloth turned up for an inch or so, and then sewn down upon itself. Some tailors cover the seam with a piece of braid of the same colour as the material. Whether you are to have this braid or not, depends entirely upon your own taste.

The point on which you should concentrate your attention is that the edge of the coat, however it may be finished off, should be maintained in proper repair.

Beating against your legs, as it constantly does when you are walking, the edge of an overcoat has to withstand a pretty severe strain, and if you examine an old overcoat you will usually find that the sewing in this part has given way.

Nothing looks worse than an overcoat which has been allowed to get out of order in this manner, and as the part affected is usually behind the wearer, he is apt not to notice it, and his friends are too polite to tell him about it.

You should, therefore, have a look from time to time to see that the stitching at the edge of your overcoat has not come undone.

MUFFLERS.

The overcoat season being now with us, mufflers are brought forth from their hiding-places and donned once more.

If you have the right to wear regimental, club, or other colours, by all means do so, but if you are going to use an old coloured muffler, make sure that it is clean.

Last winter's smoke and dust will have left their invisible traces upon it, and it will be liable to soil your linen collar. If you have any doubts as to the cleanness of the muffler, get it washed.

A job like this should not be entrusted to the indiscriminate methods of a laundry, but should be done at home, and those feminine fingers responsible for such attentions will do it for you.

Women know how to prevent colours from running. I think they add salt to the water.

WHITE ONES.

If you are a man without club colours, you had better stick to a white muffler.

These can always be relied upon to keep the linen collar clean, because they themselves show the smallest speck of dirt, and it is easy to see when they require to be washed.

With much washing, however, these white mufflers become in time yellowish in colour, especially if they are made of a woollen fabric. When this is the case, the only thing to do is to discard them and get some others, for they are not expensive.

White mufflers are also things that can be made at home.

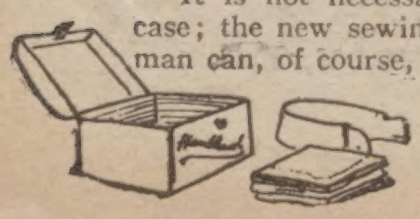
UNDERCLOTHING BUTTONS.

Now that underclothing—and a good deal of it — has become a vital necessity to our comfort, steps should be taken to remove what will otherwise be a continual annoyance—namely, the detachment of the buttons.

I suppose it is because all underclothing is made by sweated labour that the buttons are so carelessly sewn on. If you examine the sewing, you usually find that the thread is not even knotted.

When, therefore, you buy new underclothing, you should at once hand it over to those feminine fingers which are responsible for doing such little jobs for you, and have all the buttons sewn on afresh.

It is not necessary to have them cut off in the first case; the new sewing can be merely in addition. A handy man can, of course, do the job for himself.



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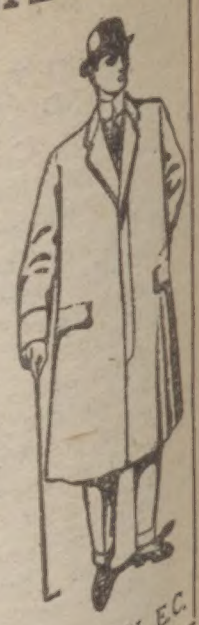
The finest Scotch and English materials, the most expert London cutters and tailors, and the best Bond Street styles. That is the great combination of goods, brains, skill and art that makes McKinley Tailoring supreme. Buy your Winter Overcoat or Suit from us and you will discover what clothes comfort really means. Also you will save money, for our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.



OVERCOATS (to measure) - 25/- to 45/-
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Carriage Paid. No Extras.

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WRITE TO-DAY for our "Booklet MM" and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Samples. They will be sent to you free together with copies of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor.

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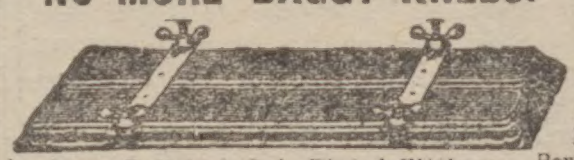

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THE "LADDIZ."

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If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled or shabby from wear, send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our wonderful new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking like a brand new suit or overcoat.
Our work is not a dry-cleaning process. It is exclusively a tailoring service carried out by expert tailors.
You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you. We have no need to publish testimonials, although we are able to show you many hundreds.
Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do. Pack up your clothes, and in three days you will be glad that you have acted on our advice.
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LIGHT TIES.

One of the little things that count in a man's general get-up is the colour of his tie. The selection of a tie will always remain a criterion of its wearer's taste, and not of the length of his purse, for it is quite possible to buy very cheap ties which will look better than ill-chosen ones that have cost far more.

The great thing in buying ties is to avoid those which are of a very light colour. A light tie never looks well on a man, and the lighter it is the worse it looks.

REALLY GOOD TAILORS.

Many of my readers have written to me expressing their satisfaction with clothes supplied to them by Messrs. C. and C. McKinley, the well-known tailors, of 7, Gresham Street, E.C., and I know from personal experience that this firm is one worthy of all praise.

Messrs. McKinley make a special study of the mail-order business, which is a boon to men in the provinces, and testimonials which I have seen from The Modern Man readers prove that they do the thing well and thoroughly.

I have been examining the autumn and winter patterns sent out by this firm, and have been much impressed by the fine selection of materials and the excellent value offered.

Those of my readers who have not yet placed their winter orders, and who want clothes of good style and materials at moderate prices, would be well advised to get into touch with Messrs. McKinley.

BRACES ECONOMY.

Braces are one of those things which men dislike buying. You don't mind putting down your half-crown for a tie, because you have the pleasure of selecting something to suit your taste, but very few people are likely to see your braces, and they may therefore be regarded as one of the adjuncts to masculine attire which are purely utilitarian.

You can save a good deal of expense in the matter of braces if, next time you buy a pair you get them with detachable ends made of cord.

Braces of this kind are quite comfortable and serviceable, and the ends can be renewed at a cost of about twopence each when they wear out.

As it is usually the ends of the braces which first give, the economy is obvious.

TROUSER PRESSES.

Perhaps the most necessary thing to the well-groomed man, apart from his actual clothes, is a good serviceable trouser press. I have recently had submitted to me one which is admirable in every way, but which has the exceptional merit of being extremely cheap. I refer to the press made by Mr. H. Clipson, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

It is a beautifully-finished press, made of polished oak. The metal fittings are heavily plated, and the whole machine is in every way as strong and handsome as those for which one pays 12s. 6d. at the tailor's.

Mr. Clipson is, I understand, sending out these presses at 5s. 9d., carriage paid. How he can do it at the price I don't know, but that his presses give every satisfaction is best proved by the fact that he sends them on seven days' approval, and returns the money if a customer is not entirely satisfied.

If you want to make a man a present and can't think what to buy him, I should recommend one of these presses.

SAFETY RAZORS RE-GROUND, 1d. each, **Gillette, Clemak, Anglo-Strop, Ever Ready**, etc., made equal to new, or money cheerfully refunded. Copy of unsolicited testimonial: "C.V.D., Nicholas Lane, E.C. Dear Sirs,—I enclose P.O. and 12 more blades, which kindly have ground and returned to me. The last twelve turned out very satisfactory."
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Please mention M.M.
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Write for Patterns.
NEW FLEECY MATERIALS 21/- to 65/-
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Dear Sirs,—I received my Overcoat this morning all right, and I am very pleased with it, thanking you.—
I remain, Dear Sirs, yours truly,
R. Bassett.

Forbestown,
9/10/11. Strathdon.
Dear Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of Suit to-day, and must say I am perfectly satisfied with the result of your treatment, etc.—
Yours faithfully,
D. Attall.

109, Clovelly Road,
15/10/11. Southampton.
Gentlemen,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of Suit returned to-day in good order, and for which I am much obliged. It does you great credit.—
Yours truly,
C. W. Coombs.

Before ordering a new Overcoat or Suit, let us demonstrate to you what our process will do for your clothes. Send your last year's Overcoat or Suit along to-day with P.O. 3s. 9d.; within three days we will return it to you hanging and looking as well as when it first came home new from your tailor, packed in a strong box, carriage paid, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the result, **your money will be returned in full.**

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What better testimony can any firm have than Public Opinion. The above unsolicited letters are only a few of hundreds received by us daily, which you are specially invited to inspect.

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Buy Your Overcoat Now
MASTERS' "BURLINGTON" OVERCOAT—it is a speciality which all well dressed men are wearing, it is made of fancy rich shadow stripes, green, blue, &c., by expert tailors. Simply send
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give your height, chest measurement and colour desired, and we send 30/- Overcoat. Pay 3/- on delivery and 4/- monthly. Also supplied double-breasted, back strap, for 33/-, 4/- deposit, 4/- on delivery, 5/- monthly. Send 3/- (or 4/- for the D.B.) and ask for the Burlington ready-to-wear Overcoat Pat. free. Suits 34/6, &c., 5/- m'th.
LINED RED FLANNEL
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Signed.....

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*Please Cross out Sizes not required.

Printed by The Victoria House Printing Co., Ltd., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, The Modern Man, Ltd., by The United Press, Ltd., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to The Modern Man Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. *Sole Agents for Colonies:* Gordon & Gotch, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc.